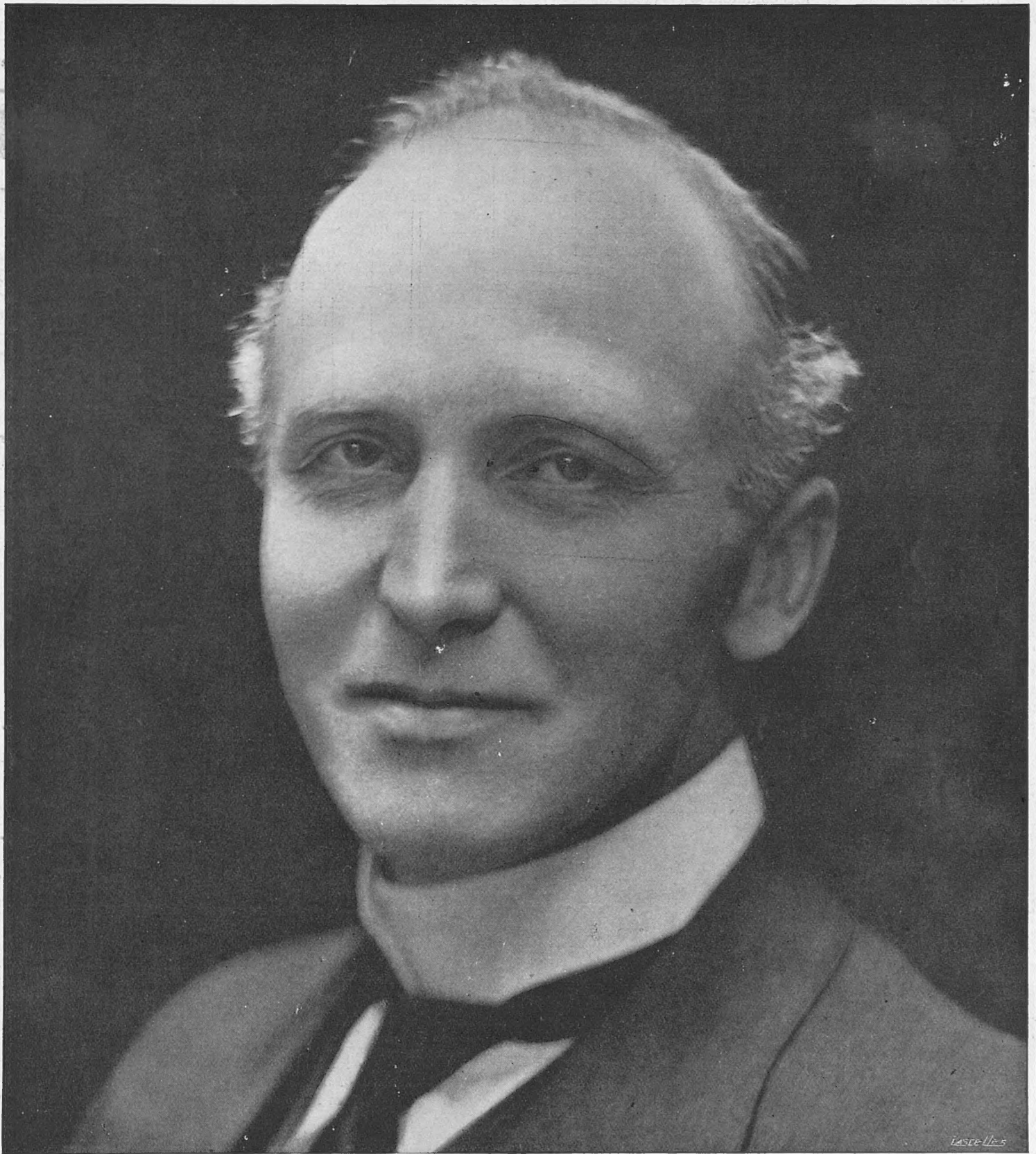


The Sketch

No. 1193 — Vol. XCII.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1915.

SIXPENCE.



LIKE THE MAN WHO "COMPLAINED OF A TOOTHACHE ON THE DAY OF JUDGMENT": SIR JOHN SIMON.

Sir John Simon, the Home Secretary, has brought himself into considerable prominence of late, chiefly with regard to his statements about the Northcliffe Press as represented by the "Times" and the "Daily Mail." Dealing with the fact that Sir John's attack took up a considerable amount of the time of the Members of the House of Commons, the "Morning Post" said the other day: "We confess to a sense of degradation in

touching upon the squabble. . . . We are in a very great war. Belgium has been destroyed and Serbia laid waste, and German legions draw nearer to the gates of Constantinople. And in this great crisis of the world's affairs our Government devotes its time to railing against one or two newspapers. Sir John Simon rather reminds us of the man in the fable who complained of a toothache on the Day of Judgment."

Photograph by Scott Orr.

PHRYNETTE'S. LETTERS.

A SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

BUT I could not acknowledge all your letters in mine of last week! It would have meant nothing but answers, and, besides, there would not have been room for it all. But that does not mean that I was not vastly pleased to get them. I notice that while you tell me at length what you do like, you are less communicative as regards what you do not like, or that which does not interest you in my gossip; please do.

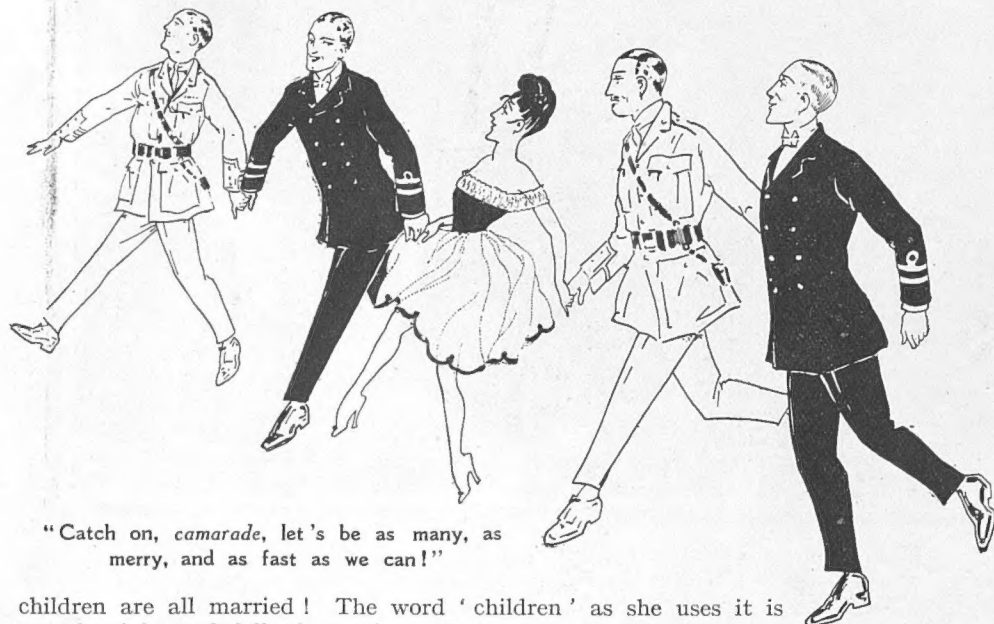
A candid Canadian has been writing to me, and as I think his letter touches on a somewhat sensitive spot with many of our fighting friends, I'll quote a few passages from it and leave the "why" to wiser folks than your Phrynette.

To begin with, my new friend seems also to think that a little preamble "imposes itself," as we say in French.

"DEAR PHRYNETTE,—I am obeying an impulse and writing, as I hope your circle is not a closed corporation"—('tis not a circle, 'tis a *chaîne Anglaise*, or, rather, a *farandole*; catch on, *camarade*, let's be as many, as merry, and as fast as we can!)—"anyway, I am going to send a few lines just to say that I, for one, think two pages of Phrynette just twice as acceptable as the old allowance of one. So here is luck to the 'double dose' and its accompanying sketches"—(I am so glad you do! I'd be gladder still if you'd tell me what you *specialy* want me to tell you in those two pages).

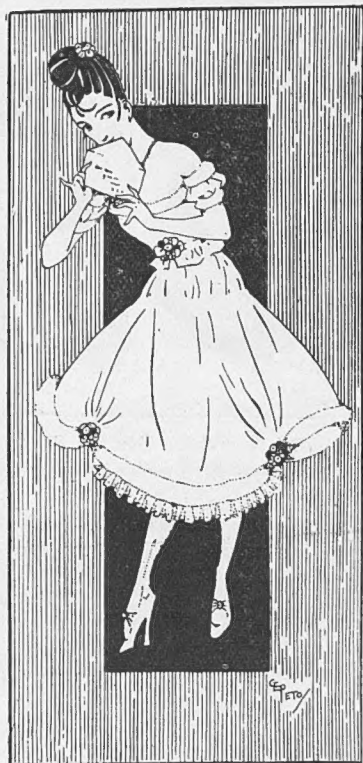
"Of course, I don't know who (or even what) you are"—(neither fish nor fowl, Monsieur, I can assure you!)—"but the letters are charming. This is not flattery" (well, I had hardly thought it was!) "because I'm not given to that sort of thing, but just saying what I think. I am a Canadian, one of those that so many English people call a 'Colonial.'" (Now, do they really? I suppose it's because of my ignorance, but I don't think of Canada as a colony at all. The word colony evokes cocoanuts, a blue Celestial canopy, palms, places where nice, bronzed men look up from under their white hats while one lolls about in a hammock and other transparent stuffs; a place where you are hooked in your frocks by black fingers, while you wonder whether the black won't come off on your white dress. A place of long, cool drinks, and not so cool flirtations with the Viceregal staff!—as you see, I have quite an absurd notion of what colonies mean!)

"I don't object to being classed as a Colonial at all; in fact, I'm rather proud of my origin, but the word itself always seems to me so inadequate and, perhaps, just a little bit narrow. Of course, we all come from countries that were once colonies in every sense of the term. But are they still in that class? When I hear the word 'Colonial' I always think, 'Hello, here's another person who is hopelessly behind the times!' I am not forgetting that there is another way of looking at it. My dear Mother always speaks of her 'offsprings' as 'children,' quite regardless of the fact that her



"Catch on, *camarade*, let's be as many, as merry, and as fast as we can!"

children are all married! The word 'children' as she uses it is exactly right and full of meaning. Perhaps we ought to look on your use of 'Colonial' in the same way. What do you think?"

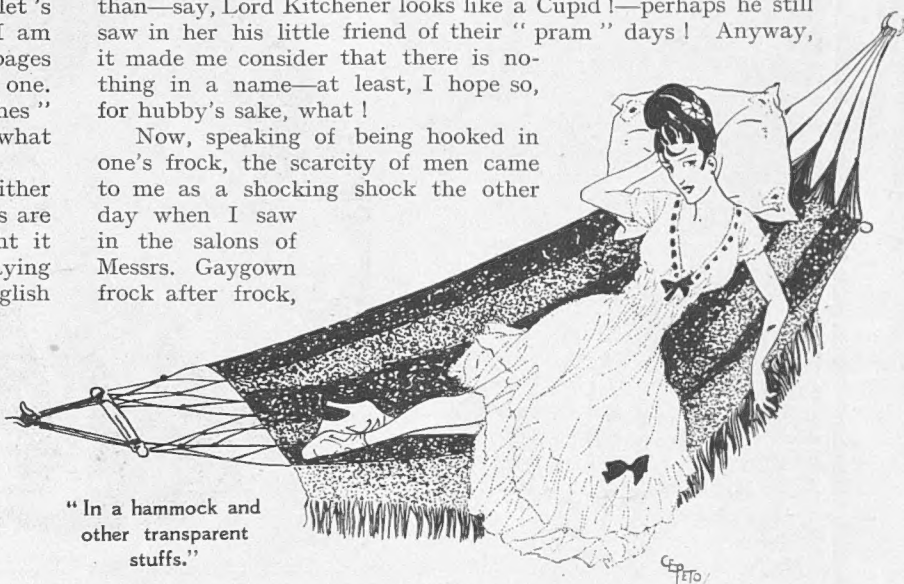


TO LONELY. SOLDIERS.

Well, I think, to begin with, that, not being English, I may be excused if I do not quite understand those subtleties and differentiations; and then I, personally, plead not guilty to calling anyone "Colonial." I only knew one Colonial well enough ever to call him, and that one I called "Charlie"! I think also that it is not only mothers who see and cherish the child in the grown-up. The other night I was sitting at "La Bohème" behind Mme. Flirt-de-Lys (the s should not be sounded), who was with her husband and another man. Well, Mme. Flirt-de-Lys is a fully developed adult of about five-feet-six, yet her husband said to her during the interval: "You don't mind, *little Girl*, do you, if I go out and stretch my legs for five minutes?" And when hubby had gone her brother—no, he could not have been her brother, he was not a bit like her; well, her cousin, perhaps, or an uncle, a great friend, anyway—whispered to her: "Oh, *Baby*, why didn't you come to the old place this after-

noon? And this my last day of leave!"—Perhaps he still saw in the big woman of thirty, who did not look like a baby any more than—say, Lord Kitchener looks like a Cupid!—perhaps he still saw in her his little friend of their "pram" days! Anyway, it made me consider that there is nothing in a name—at least, I hope so, for hubby's sake, what!

Now, speaking of being hooked in one's frock, the scarcity of men came to me as a shocking shock the other day when I saw in the salons of Messrs. Gaygown frock after frock,



"In a hammock and other transparent stuffs."

fresh from Paris, which was made to lace in front, the reason being that husbands are no longer available for back fastenings. At least, that was what the man who was with me suggested; but I don't think much of his reason (after having done my best to make him lose it!)

And now my thanks to the amiable Major who does not disdain dress as a subject for letter-writing. Hear him, rather—

"So you want to know what we think of the clothes you are threatening to wear. Knickers and puttees for the milk-maid; breeches and boots for riding; and very short skirts or"—what?—"for"—what? I am not sure of what you have written there; but if it is what I think it is —, I can't decipher it!

"I hardly know what to say"—(perhaps, but you do know how to write it!) "I am fond of horses, and have always been an admirer of riding-habits and their wearers. The hard hat, high boots and (presumably) smart breeches have an attractiveness of their own. But a plain diet of skirtless charmers might be altogether different"—I don't know; ask our enemy the Turks. I think over there it's the women find the diet rather indifferent and monotonous, according to Pierre Loti!

"They say clothes make the men; and would not it follow that men's garb would make mannish women? A touch of mannishness has an indefinable charm for me; sometimes, even, if it is more than a touch. But isn't that because it only serves to accentuate the femininity of the charmer? If it goes past that, if it tends to make her a bit masculine, I, for one, would not favour the 'prop-osition.'—Yours strongly in favour of the two-pages sermon."

Merci, Major! But it's never a "sermon," though I suppose it may be described as a Curtin lecture, what!



"And very short skirts."

when she bought a bottle, "Shan't I murmur now?"

A quotation from Omar Khayyam, I suppose!

Met Cynicuss there. He was one of the few of the fewer and fewer males who frequent bazaars nowadays. He said, "Oh, I thought I'd find you here," which I took for a subtle compliment. He tells me that wounded officers who are at a "loose end," whatever that means in English, are entertained to tea on Sunday by Lady Townshend and Mrs. Algernon Paget at the Knightsbridge Hotel. Pretty theatrical ladies go along and sing to them, and they ought to be happy there.

"But you don't look happy here, Cynicuss—what's the matter?" He is worried; he wants to buy a ring for a nurse who had been such a brick when he was wounded—"just out of gratitude, don't you know!"

"Oh, of course!"

"Not an engagement-ring, or any silly rot like that, don't you know?"

"No; just a little memento for the dear old lady!"

"She is not an old lady! Minnie is quite young and pretty—don't you rag a chap. What I want to know is—is there a fashion in rings?"

"Naturally, there is"; and I told him of an engagement set I had seen in platinum with, all around, tiny rubies, diamonds, and sapphires, each kind of stone occupying a third of the space and representing the national colours—red, white, and blue; and the bracelet is similar; set with the same stones. Quite a patriotic present.

Cynicuss went away grinning. But I hope Nurse won't exchange her cap for orange-blossoms before the war is over.

Lady Diana Manners was selling underclothing of her own making, she said, at her stall. The Duchess of Rutland's youngest daughter is always doing, she hopes, original things. I can't say that her "undies" were particularly startling, but some were quite pretty. The same "one of you" who had not bought the blouse from Lady Mannermore bought some combies of black crêpe-de-Chine, slit on the side and trimmed with tiny pink rose-buds, a Christmas present for a good girl—his sister, perhaps! "I guess those rose-buds will blush some more soon!" said an American man behind me.

There has been nothing very exciting here to tell you of—more buying at bazaars and selling at sales, though, of course, even there one may amuse oneself by watching the fair at the fray.

At one of our best hotels the other day, for instance, there were dogs for sale, and, of course, dogs are not exactly—roses; so one elegant dame, after vigorously waving her perfumed "hanky" in front of her nose (and, incidentally, in the eyes of whoever happened to be near), exclaimed plaintively that if the dogs were allowed to remain she was sure to catch hydrophobia—from the smell! You see, we have not attended Red Cross lessons in vain; we have learned big words and the origin of maladies, *mais oui!* And, apropos of perfumes, pretty Lady Mannermore was there—is not she just like a musical-comedy actress on the stage? She was trying to sell a pink blouse to one of you, in mufti, when I saw her first; and later she was going round buying "smells," as she sweetly expressed it, adding,



"Well, yes; I got it!"

The worst of those charity crushes is that one gets a stagnant, stereotyped smile and an appealing look which is apt to stick on. I know because, after a hard day's work at a sale, and as we were going to tea, I mechanically turned to my companion in the taxi with a smile and a persuasive look. "Won't you?" I began. "Rather!" he answered. What I had merely meant to say was, "Won't you send me some mistletoe from the woods in France when you go back?" But, with my sale-look on, I still seemed to be asking for something. Well, yes; I got it!

With girls who sell at every charity show it must be awful—they will never recover their before-the-war, independent expression.

And apropos of taxi-incidents (do you say incidents or accidents?—it depends on circumstances, I suppose), I have read in the last page of the before last

Sketch

some of your poetical outpourings to pretty Dolores. (But why call her Dolores? She is such a bright little lady.) One last line amused me particularly: "And trust to luck in the taxi-cab." Well, I wish you luck; and you all know more about most things than I do, no doubt: but this, perhaps, I can teach you—luck is always spelled with a "P." And you have plenty of pluck!

And, prattling about poems, several of you have sent me some; but, of course, I have not dared quote any. Some might have been published already, for all I knew, or about to appear, and I would not let your verse evaporate; but here are just four lines just received; not meant for me—oh no, they are written around "Her," see?—

The mistletoe hangs high, but not for you and me;
It looks like an empty nest in the Flemish poplar tree—

Love's nest, from which the kisses have flown away in fear,
And our trenches need revealing—though Christmas Day draws near.

I think She would but that they fly home:
the sight of the poplar—
under the mistletoe,
"What is mistletoe
Best, very best

tell you that kisses don't fly away,
and while you, over there, sigh at tree missing the miss on tip-toe
we'll say sadly to ourselves,
minus man?"

wishes to you all from me and from "Her" and from all of us.
Comrades, *Bon Noël!* God bless you!

My first Christmas card, a topping one with a little flag and a branch of mimosa in the corner, arrived on Nov. 28, from the Captain and Officers of H.M.S.—: "Rather early, but we want to be the first." And you were! Thank you. Be merry, Messieurs!

Just received a lovely long letter from Egypt with a clever sketch in it. Thank you. Here is the "one line" asked for by the sender. Yes, it did interest me; no, I did not tear it up, and—*la suite au prochain numéro, n'est-ce pas?* And, perhaps, will you tell me which of my letters in particular caused you to consider me as a *confidante*? That I should consider myself honoured by your confidences, *ça va sans dire, n'est-ce pas?* But—and there is a great "but"—do you think it would be discreet?



"Combies of black crêpe-de-Chine, slit on the side and trimmed with tiny pink rose-buds."

[Not exactly those described in the article!—EDITOR.]

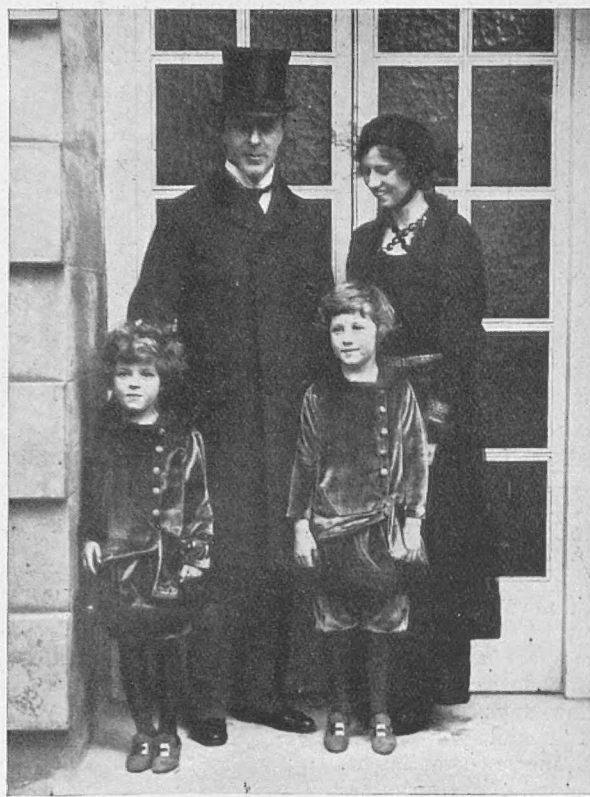


"The mistletoe hangs high, but not for you and me;
It looks like an empty nest in the Flemish poplar tree."

THE MARRIAGE OF MISS VIOLET ASQUITH AND MR. MAURICE



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM RETURN TO 10, DOWNING STREET.



THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, MRS. McKENNA, AND MASTERS DAVID AND MICHAEL McKENNA.



THE EARL AND COUNTESS LEAVING ST.



MRS. ASQUITH ARRIVING AT ST. MARGARET'S.



MASTER ANTHONY ASQUITH AT THE CHURCH.



LORD HALDANE, WITH HIS OUTSIDE

The socio-political wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Nov. 30, when Miss Violet Asquith, daughter of the Right Hon. Herbert Henry Asquith, P.C., Prime Minister, was married to Mr. Maurice Bonham Carter, the Premier's Private Secretary, was the most notable function of the kind seen at St. Margaret's this year, and attracted a large congregation of distinguished men and women. It was a very pretty wedding, and the church was beautifully decorated. Our photographs show the bride and bridegroom and some of the guests. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Bonham Carter returned to 10, Downing Street, where a reception was held. Masters David and Michael McKenna were two of the pretty pages in old-world velvet breeches and tunics; the other two being

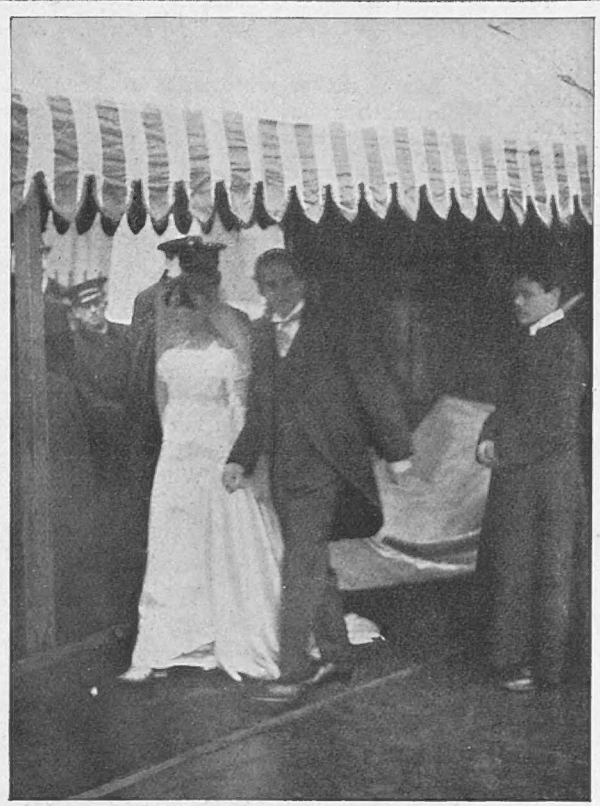
BONHAM CARTER: THE BRIDE; THE BRIDEGROOM: SOME GUESTS.



LADY CHESTERFIELD
AT ST. MARGARET'S.



MR. JOHN LAVERY, A.R.A., WITH MRS. LAVERY,
AT ST. MARGARET'S.



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING THE CHURCH—
HAND IN HAND.



SISTER AND A FRIEND,
ST. MARGARET'S.



LADY DIANA MANNERS ON HER WAY
TO THE CHURCH.



SIR JOHN SIMON ARRIVING AT
ST. MARGARET'S.

the sons of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Harcourt and Major and Mrs. Winston Churchill. Lady Chesterfield, who is a sister of Lord Nunburnholme, came with Lord Chesterfield, and Mrs. John Lavery, who was with her husband, the distinguished artist, was warmly congratulated by her many friends upon her recovery from her severe motor accident. Mrs. Asquith was, as always, a notable and picturesque figure, in a white cloth dress, with black silk braid and narrow bands of black fur; and her son, Master Anthony Asquith, was, as usual, hatless. Lord Haldane and his sister chatted cheerily with a friend. Lady Diana Manners looked very beautiful in her long coat and furs of white fox and ermine, and Sir John Simon was debonair as ever and obviously bearing his burden of criticism very lightly.



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY : GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

MOTLEY NOTES



BY KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot").

His Lordship Dares.

I am rather surprised to hear that Lord Kitchener has returned. This seems to me the most daring act of an adventurous career. Can he plead ignorance? Surely not! He must have known that "a section of the Press"—a small section, perhaps, but still a section—had decreed that he should not return. When "a section of the Press" decrees a thing of that sort, "a section of the Press," naturally, expects to be obeyed. Yet here we have Lord Kitchener calmly returning to England as though there were no such thing as "a section of the Press" in existence!

What is to be done with such a man? What is to be done with a man who, having been ticked off by "a section of the Press" as a person of no particular importance or merits, quietly sails away in a battle-cruiser, or some vessel of the kind, escorted, I presume by a flotilla of destroyers, and has lunch with half the Monarchs of Europe? What are we to do about it? What is "a section of the Press" to do about it? More harassing still, what is "a section of the Press" to say about it?

Well, I suppose "a section of the Press" will be bound to admit that this calm person *did* have lunch with half the Monarchs of Europe, but, fortunately, "a section of the Press" will be able to throw cold water on the luncheons. They will be able to play havoc with the *débris* of those historic meals. There, at any rate, lies some sort of satisfaction.

But, really, you know, a man who behaves in this calm manner cannot expect much mercy from "a section of the Press." He is so annoying!

The Punishment. This is the least that he may expect—
LORD KITCHENER IN ITALY.
POOR LUNCH WITH THE KING.

(From Cur (wn Correspondent.)

Rome.

"It has, I am given to understand, been reported in many of your less well-informed journals that Lord Kitchener paid a visit to the King of Italy, who conferred upon him the Grand Cross of the Military Order of Savoy. Also that Lord Kitchener had the honour of lunching with his Majesty.

"I am now in a position to acquaint you with the correct facts, supplied to me by one of the sub-scullions in the Royal Household, with whom I am on terms of the greatest intimacy. It is true that Lord Kitchener lunched with the King, but the soup was lukewarm, the fish was a species of snub, the mutton was cold shoulder, and the sweets were sour. I understand that Lord Kitchener sulked throughout the meal, and refused cheese in a very curt and abrupt manner.

"With regard to the Grand Cross of the Military Order of Savoy, it is correct that his Majesty pinned this Order on Lord Kitchener's coat, but the pin was rusty, and the Order fell off during the course of the afternoon and was found in one of the Royal passages.

"I am seeing my friend again to-day, and will wire you further details."

The Anzac Visit. That will do for the breakfast-table. For the afternoon something of this sort will teach his Lordship to return without orders from "a certain section of the Press"—

WAR MINISTER AT ANZAC.
SYCOPHANT TROOPS RAISE FAINT CHEER.
(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Gaba Tepe.

"In obedience to your instruction, I have now collected full details of Lord Kitchener's visit to Anzac. Certain journals have

informed the gullible British public that the Australians turned out to a man and cheered Lord Kitchener to the echo. This is one way of stating the case. It is true, I believe, that the majority of the men did turn out and cheer, not knowing the opinion of your great journal on such conduct, but I have been fortunate in discovering a man who neither turned out nor cheered. Sunburnt, hale, a true son of the Empire, he never set eyes on Lord Kitchener at all. A spiteful sergeant, whom he happened to strike with a bucket, got him two days' detention in the guard-tent. Asked whether he would have turned out and cheered had he not been detained in the guard-tent, his reply was full of significance. Without a moment's hesitation, this typical son of Greater Britain replied: 'You bet.'

"It is open to anybody to place such interpretation on that cryptic remark as he chooses. Personally, I shall continue to think in accordance with your esteemed instructions."



DOING DUTY FOR THE KING: THE QUEEN (WITH PRINCESS MARY) AT AN INSPECTION OF TROOPS—THE ARRIVAL ON THE PARADE-GROUND. During the King's convalescence after his riding accident in France, the Queen is undertaking certain of the work usually done by his Majesty, and, for example, has conferred decorations and inspected troops. Meantime, it is good to note that on Nov. 30 the King was able to go out in the garden of Buckingham Palace in a bath-chair. On the same day he held a Council and received and decorated officers.

Photograph by C.P.

Perfectly Clear. The President of the German Reichstag took it upon himself, the other day, to disabuse the minds of the world of the fallacy that Germany is running short of food. It was an excellent speech, illumined with the most pellucid logic.

Said the President: "We have corn for bread, and potatoes, the most important food of the people, in abundance. If in other things there may be some scarcity, as cannot be disputed, yet the hardships thus caused to the majority of the poorer population will be surmounted"—This is where I became excited. How would they be surmounted? Breathlessly, I read on—"by the organisation of the provision market. We have, therefore," he concluded, doubtless with the air of a man who had found food for all the poorer classes for the duration of the war by the simple fact of making a speech, "financially and economically, every reason to contemplate the future with firm determination and unshaken confidence."

In other words, the poor can easily live on potatoes. If richer people grumble, expecting, let us say, carrots, all we do is to take half the carrots from a full stall and place them on an empty stall. This is called the "organisation of the provision market."

A Book Worth Buying. I have reserved this small corner to commend to

your notice, friend, a book that you must buy this Christmas, even though you have no other money to spend on a Christmas present. It is called "The Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Gift Book," and you will see a copy on every bookstall and in every bookshop. All the money derived from the sale of the book will be handed over to Mr. C. Arthur Pearson—than whom the blind have no greater or more energetic friend—for the funds of St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, the hostel for blinded soldiers and sailors.

The cause, therefore, speaks for itself. These men, for your sake, have lost their sight, but their other faculties are unimpaired, and Mr. Pearson and his staff have set themselves to cultivate those faculties. This is the only road to happiness for the blind, and you can help them by spending three shillings on this book.

For your money, you will get stories, poems, and pictures (beautifully printed in colours) by all sorts of people whose names are familiar to you. They have all given their work in the hope of enticing those three shillings from your pocket.

Having been carefully through the volume, and knowing, also, your goodness of heart, I am inclined to think that they will succeed.

VANITIES OF VALDÉS : A SIEGE AND FALL.



THE FIRST OVERTURE.

THE PARLEMENTAIRE.



THE CAPITULATION.

CAPTIVE.

SMALL TALK

WHEN somebody in the House mentioned the immunity of British transports from serious disaster, Mr. Balfour quietly leant forward and touched wood. He, then, has capitulated; but his predecessor, I believe, now refuses to propitiate the capricious and trivial deities of superstition—and this despite a curious little sequence of disasters in 13. Sir F. E. Smith entertained a party of thirteen in a leased house, full of valuable pictures and furniture. It was burned down in the night, and Winston had to return to town for a Cabinet meeting with bedroom slippers on his feet and a smock-frock over his pyjamas. Later, he was at the dinner-party of thirteen from which Lord Crewe rose only to fall to the floor seriously ill; and still a little later, having put down the names of men whom he proposed for certain committee work, Mr. Churchill saw he had written thirteen instead of twelve. He crossed off the last. Its owner was killed in the Alps a week later. Winston sees the full absurdity of believing that there is life and death in the chance stroke of a pen; but does Mr. Balfour really think he helps to save a regiment by laying his hand on the polished furniture of Westminster?

Turning Out Tatter sal
Light o' Love. was rejoiced
by a very fairly enterprising crowd at Newmarket last week. Lord Michelham bought a filly for 750 guineas, and the Duke of Portland sold *Light o' Love* for 1050. The Duke sticks to his principles in being a seller rather than a bidder at these war-time auctions. Even in peace he was a desperately scrupulous and conscientious owner, as the alms-houses at Welbeck known as the "Winnings" testify. When he first found that his horses had a way of coming in first he used to commemorate their successes by

presenting the Duchess with a little diamond model of the winner. But as time went on, and her jewel-case became a sort of stud-farm, the Duchess begged him not to waste money on more of them. The alms-houses went up instead, and all the odds are that the price of *Light o' Love* is earmarked for charity.

Sir Ian's Long Drink.

Sir Ian Hamilton is one of those gallant officers who have attempted total abstinence. In his case things were brought to a head by an invitation to preside at an Army Temper-

ance Meeting. Remembering, as he said, that "ten thousand-odd quarts of dutiable liquor had been poured down the prospective chairman's throat during his thirty-seven years of service," he was ashamed to face his audience without first signing the pledge—a nice touch of humour.

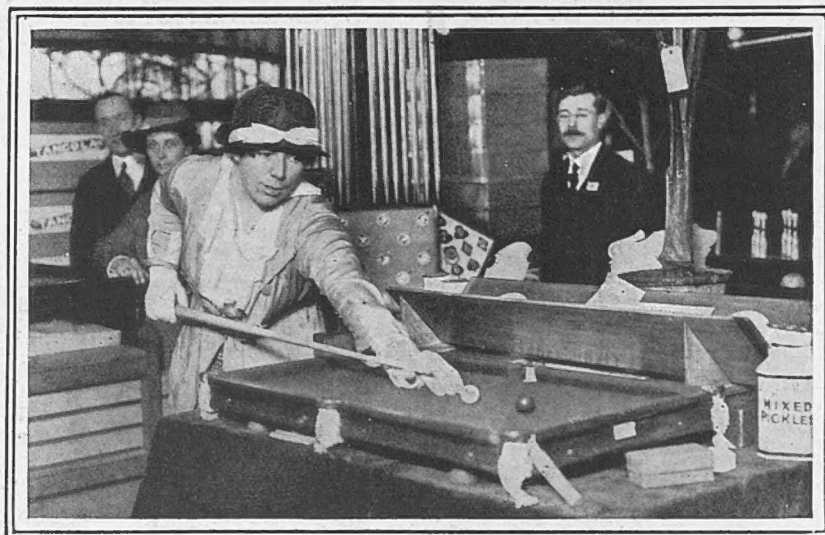
Shamming Shy. Sir Ian signed for a year, knowing full well, he said, that he would feel uncomfortable. He pictured himself going out to dinner, tired with a heavy day's work, and finding himself next to a young lady who would ask him suspiciously (just to see if he moved in good society) if he had been to the Guards' Regatta! No longer, the pledge being signed, would a brimming glass of champagne give him Dutch courage in saying no. That was two or three years ago, and the association of ideas—Sir Ian and the Guards Regatta—is remoter than ever.

People Going North.

Lord Glenconner went North immediately after the Asquith wedding, his destination being Peebles, the native place of the Tennants. On the same day, Lady Bute travelled to Mount Stuart, with the intention of going, later on, to Edinburgh, where she has a house of her own, and where, on the 17th, she is to open a sale for the benefit of British prisoners in Germany. Another visitor to Edinburgh is Lady Ulrica Baring, who left both her sisters, Lady Cynthia Graham and Lady d'Abernon, very busy in the South.

Plays and Lady Randolph. Lady Randolph Churchill, who mothered the forbidden drama through a successful first appearance, possesses a

good working knowledge of the theatre. She has given us two plays of her own—"His Borrowed Plumes" and "The Bill," which was perfected at Coombe Abbey (the Countess of Craven's), and which preached a lesson on domestic wisdom with a moral so obvious that the Censor himself might have applauded it—save that Censors often seem as shy of morals as of the other things. There have been censors, of course, for centuries, from the classic first instance, Cato the Censor.



AT HARRODS' RED CROSS DAY SALE: THE HON. MRS. MAURICE MACNAGHTEN PLAYS BILLIARDS.

Among the Society ladies who helped forward the good work of Red Cross Day at Harrods', on Dec. 1, was the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Macnaghten. The Macnaghten Peerage was created in 1887, and became extinct on the death of Lord Macnaghten in 1913. The Hon. Mrs. Macnaghten assisted the funds by playing billiards on a miniature table, in the games department.

Photograph by Sport and General.



THE STAGE AT HARRODS' RED CROSS SALE: MISS MARGARET COOPER AS A SALESWOMAN.

Beautiful lace found a charming saleswoman at the Red Cross Sale on Dec. 1, at Harrods', in the person of Miss Margaret Cooper, who proved as popular and successful in her latest rôle as she invariably does—with songs—upon the stage. Her "department" added considerably to the funds of the Red Cross.—[Photograph by Topical.]



SOCIETY LADIES AT HARRODS' RED CROSS DAY: LADY READING AND LADY LEVINGE SELLING NEEDLEWORK.

Among the nearly a hundred well-known ladies who acted as saleswomen for the benefit of the Red Cross funds, at Harrods', on Dec. 1, were Lady Reading (on the right), wife of the Lord Chief Justice, and Lady Levinge, both of whom were very successful in their efforts to find purchasers of their stock of dainty needlework.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

PEOPLE WHO "COUNT," AT THE COUNTER.



ACTRESSES AS SALESWOMEN: MISS GLADYS COOPER AND MISS MARIE LÖHR SELLING FANCY LEATHER GOODS AT HARRODS'.



FORWARD! MISSES MAUD ASTON, GERTIE MILLAR, AND GINA PALERME: DISPENSERS OF FRUIT AND FLOWERS.



THE SPORTS DEPARTMENT: MRS. LAMBERT CHAMBERS, MRS. PARTON, MRS. STERRY, LADY DROGHEDA, MRS. HALL WALKER.



DOER OF THE BIG DEAL OF THE DAY—£1000 PEARL NECKLACE: LADY DIANA MANNERS AS A HARRODS' SALESWOMAN.



SELLING ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS: HON. ANNA LAWRENCE, MRS. LUKE HANSARD, AND LADY EGERTON OF TATTON



THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S WIFE AS SALESWOMAN: LADY FRENCH AND AN OFFICER CUSTOMER AT HARRODS'.

The Red Cross Day at Harrods' last Wednesday (Dec. 1) was a great success. The duties of the saleswomen were usurped for the occasion by a large number of well-known Society women, popular actresses, and leaders of sport, who showed themselves extremely efficient on the other side of the counter. The biggest deal of the day was accomplished by Lady Diana Manners, who sold a pearl necklace for £1000. With her among the jewellery were Lady Mainwaring and Miss Nancy Cunard, and the interest in their operations was so great that it was found necessary to make a charge

for admission to the room. Lady French was very successful at the artificial-flower stall, where she also sold her autograph. In the same department were Lady Egerton of Tatton and Lady Lansdowne. Several actors, as well as actresses, helped the good cause, Sir George Alexander, Mr. Allan Aynesworth, and others, being cast for shopwalkers in the furniture department. A proportion of all purchases made in the 120 departments went to the joint funds of the Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John.—[Photographs by Sport and General, C.N., and Illustrations Bureau.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

"MY special thanks are due to the Duke of Westminster for his great generosity and kindness to me on many occasions: no man ever had a better friend." Thus wrote Captain Francis Grenfell, V.C., in the will he made only a short time before his death. The tribute is refreshing after a long

bout of belittlement. The tendency is to pull down the Dukes to ordinary levels by criticism, fair and unfair. Thus Winston called them "gold-fish," and thus at odd times it is stated that the Duke of Manchester is impecunious, that the Duke of Northumberland owns "hovels" in the North, that the Duke of Norfolk's beard is shaggy, that the Duke of Westminster is headlong. But here are plain words on friendship that count for more than a whole year's accumulation of superficial comment. Peculiarly pleasant are Captain Grenfell's words about Private Matthews and Private Clarke, "who has just

lost his arm in action with me, and has never failed me in peace or war"; and Porter, "my own valet and servant for five years; he could not have served me more loyally." Those are handsome

TRAINING IN A LONDON HOSPITAL: MISS O'SULLIVAN.

Miss O'Sullivan, who is a sister of Lady Huntington, is training for a nurse. The O'Sullivan family have distinguished themselves in the present war. Miss O'Sullivan's only brother was killed in action at Ypres, and two cousins have gained distinctions, one the V.C., and the other, the D.S.O.

Photograph by Bassano.

compliments. Time and again the same story is told: the officer's servant is coming out of the war with flying colours—or not coming out of it, but still with flying colours. The following notice is from the obituary column: "Killed in action: Private George Locke, 1st Batt. Scots Guards, for twenty years the faithful friend and servant of the Master of Ruthven, Scots Guards."

A Fortunate Minority.

To the little group of peeresses in their own right a very young recruit, in the person of the Countess of Seafield, must now be added. She is nine years old. As it happens, her long minority fits the scheme of the late Countess's will to a nicety. When that lady inherited the estates the annual revenue of £8000 was encumbered by a standing debt of £800,000; but, by careful management, the property is to be freed again. If for the next twelve years the new holder of the title commits no wild excesses in the way of dolls and governesses and Daimlers, she will be a rich woman on her twenty-first birthday.

Wagner Naturalised.

Mrs. Maurice Bonham-Carter's wedding music was half daring and half apologetic. The prelude to the third act of "Die Meistersinger" was announced as an excerpt from "The Mastersingers," performed "by request." One Bach chorale was called by its proper name, "Wachet Auf," but another made a more decorous and less German appearance. The selection, as a whole, proved that the agitation against enemy music, after flourishing in the earlier stages of the war, has

died a natural death. But it was almost a relief to see that Muriel Lady Helmsley's name was not included in the list of people present. That list, by the way, was somewhat freakish. It was, of course, impossible to check it exactly in such a crowd, but among the "doubtfuls" may be mentioned Sir Herbert Tree, Lord Lovat, and Lord Granard. If both Lord and Lady Wimborne were really there, they paid the bride and groom the compliment of a scamper across from Ireland. The inclusion of Lady Rothschild was an obvious mistake. Mrs. Geoffrey Cory-Wright, on the other hand, spent, as she said, part of her honeymoon at St. Margaret's. It is not everybody, these days, who can get as far as Ventimiglia.

A Venerable Pair. Another Riviera couple are Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Houston, who were married last week at St. Paul's, Knights-

bridge, with considerable ceremony. The bride was notable in all things, from her maids to her stockings. Lady Margaret Sackville, always interesting to look upon (a thing not true of every poetess), was one of the five attendants; the silk stockings may be mentioned without indiscretion for the sufficient reason that they belonged to the Duchess of Rutland who was the bride's great-great-grandmother.

"Damfino." Miss Elizabeth Robins, who is visiting a hospital in Chelsea, has been found out! The other day one of her soldiers came to the end of her novel "The Magnetic North," and stopped, as everybody must, on the last word. Peers' sons have been fined for saying hardly so much to Inspector Jarrott, and here was a "swear" not only used but improved upon by the lady herself. The hospital, let it be said, has taken to it very kindly, and random visitors who ask indiscreet questions must in future expect to be answered by "Damfino."

Standing Easier.

From Gallipoli: "A low whistling, hurtling rush, a cloud of dust, and a dull report. A small infantry party scattered hastily from column formation. Two orderlies doubled out with a stretcher. Later they marched off, the man lying on his elbows—light pants covered with bright red blood. 'H'm!' laughed a spectator, 'he'll have his meals off the mantelpiece for some time to come.'" The jest journeys all the way from Gallipoli, but it will have a homely sound to many old Etonians. Isn't it Mr. Lulu Harcourt who glories in having eaten his meals "off the mantelpiece" for a week because of one particularly stimulating birching? It is one of those memories that mellow in affection with time.



IN RUSSIA WITH LADY MURIEL PAGET'S HOSPITAL: MISS S. S. IRVINE ROBERTSON.

Miss Robertson went through the first Balkan Wars, then joined Mr. James Berry's (Senior Surgeon, Royal Free Hospital) party which went to Serbia at the commencement of the present campaign. Miss Robertson, who was formerly Chief Matron at St. Bartholomew's, has now gone to Russia as Chief Matron to the Anglo-Russian Hospital organised by Lady Muriel Paget.

Photograph by Vandyk.



A BARONET'S WIFE AS NURSE: LADY HUNTINGTON.

Lady Huntington, who is the wife of Sir Charles Philip Huntington, third Baronet, to whom she was married in 1909, is a daughter of the late Daniel John O'Sullivan, of The Grange, Killarney, Co. Kerry. She is training as a nurse in a London hospital.—[Photograph by Bassano.]



TO MARRY CAPTAIN C. R. MACNAMARA: MISS ETHEL MURIEL FETHERSTONHAUGH.

Miss Fetherstonhaugh is the younger daughter of Colonel Fetherstonhaugh, of Hopton Court, Worcestershire. Captain Macnamara is in the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, and is the only son of Colonel Macnamara, of the same regiment, of The Holme, Burnley.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN WYNDHAM GREEN: MISS MADGE BELLAIRS.

Miss Bellairs is an expert chauffeuse and has devoted much time to driving convalescent soldiers. She has also organised concerts in aid of the wounded. The marriage is to take place as soon as Captain Green, who is in the R.F.A., can obtain leave of absence.—[Photo. by Lallie Charles]

TAILS AND JACKET: ROYAL HOUSE-MATES AT ETON.



AT "HOLYSHADIA": H.R.H. PRINCE HENRY, SON OF THE KING, AND H.R.H. THE DUKE OF BRABANT,
HEIR OF THE KING OF THE BELGIANS.

It is not yet three months since the Duke of Brabant, elder son of the King of the Belgians, and Heir to the Throne, took his place among the boys at the famous old school on the Thames, "Holyshadia," as Eton College has been called by a humourist who spent his own boyhood under "Henry's holy shade." Founded by Henry VI, the College has known many Royal and distinguished boys among its students, but never before the sons of a King of England and a King of the Belgians under such con-

ditions as exist in this case. The sons of King George and King Albert live in the same house, are taught in the same class-rooms, share in the same sports as well as studies, and are excellent friends. Prince Henry is a little older than the Duke of Brabant, but the difference is too slight to prevent them being chums, despite the fact that King George's son has attained the dignity of a tail-coat and white tie, while the young Duke is still in the Eton jacket.—[*Photograph by C. Vandyk, Ltd.*]



ECONOMY v. EPICURISM: KHAKI AND CASH-BOOKS: GENERAL JACK FROST.

No Club "Night-Caps" Now.

The new regulations with regard to the hours during which a man may drink his whisky-and-soda in his club have come into effect, and I have not heard a single grumble concerning them. "Night-caps" have been a thing of the past in Clubland for quite a while, and lunches are comfortably over in all clubs by half-past two. Will the Government, in its desire to make us save money, adopt Captain Bathurst's suggestions, and force us to curtail our meals in clubs and restaurants, and keep a strict hand on our tailors' bills? Three courses is the length of dinner that the gallant legislator suggested, and, as a matter of fact, a man who selects his dinner from the club list very rarely occupies more than three lines on the order-form.

The Set Club Dinner.

Most clubs have a set dinner at either three shillings or three-and-sixpence which sins against Captain Bathurst's limits in that its courses generally are soup, fish, joint, and either sweet or savoury—four courses in all. No doubt, without breaking the steward's heart by altering the daily dinner, committees would find a way out of the difficulty by giving their members a choice of three dishes out of the four courses. If clubmen were limited by the number of dishes for their dinner they would certainly be more careful in their choice than the majority of them now are.

A Man's Dinner and a Woman's.

There would be, I think, a difference of opinion in many married *ménages* if the three-course dinner were imposed upon us in our own homes as well as in the clubs and restaurants, for in nine cases out of ten a man would very willingly forego the sweet course, the ice, and the *petits fours*, whereas that is just the part of a dinner that a lady, in nine cases out of ten, thoroughly enjoys. The man very likely would wish for his dinner to be one of soup, fish, and game, whereas the lady would vote for an entrée, a sweet, and an ice.

Khaki the Tailors' Salvation.

The Sumptuary Laws as to the curtailment of tailors' bills would be, I think, unnecessary. My tailor tells me that he would have been ruined this year were it not that most of his clients have come to him for their khaki uniform. The grant that the Government gives any officer on joining to spend on his uniform and accoutrements has kept many a tailor out of the Bankruptcy Court this year. I have not heard the bitter complaint of the dress-makers, but I am sure that they are making one, for nearly all the ladies of my acquaintance are wearing their old clothes, and are so proud of doing so that they call the attention of unobservant man to the fact.

Club Subscriptions. This is the period of the year that most men look through their list of clubs and Masonic Lodges to see whether there are any that they can strike off

the list. I am parting from one or two old friends in Clubland; and I have no doubt most other men like myself are making the same sacrifice. The racing-clubs, I fancy, will fare even worse in their loss of members than will the ordinary social clubs. A racecourse and its buildings takes just as much keeping up and employs nearly as many servants as does an ordinary London club; but racing-men, such of them as are still in England, have seen very little of their favourite sport this year except at Newmarket, and are likely to see even less in the coming year. Men who follow racing tell me that their subscriptions to racing clubs come to a very considerable sum (something between £100 and £200 a year), and I fancy that many a clubman will think whether he cannot reduce to a certain extent this item in his expenditure.

The Archangel Channel.

Frenchmen who have lately been in Russia have described the attempt that is to be made this winter to keep Archangel, the northern port, from being frozen in. The Russians, as is well known, tried to do this last winter, but the big Canadian ice-breaker that came to the port lost one of her propellers, and although a regiment worked hard on the ice in attempting to keep a channel open, Nature was too strong and the ice defeated the Russians. It will be interesting this winter to see whether Jack Frost is defeated in his campaign. If Archangel remains an open port throughout the winter, the Russians will be able to draw in their munitions both from east and west through the whole winter.

Submarines in Ice.

The German submarines will, I have no doubt, give a wide berth to the ice zone, for I can imagine nothing more dreadful than for a submarine making her way in blindness under the sea to find herself under the ice when she attempts to rise. Such a contingency has not been considered, I fancy, by the designers of the boats, and if a submarine rising to the surface found that her periscope crumpled up against an ice-covering she could only grope about blindly, hoping to find some open water.

Lord Kitchener's Figures.

I have little doubt that Lord Kitchener did tell King Constantine that Great Britain would find the rifles and other munitions for 6,000,000 Russians between now and March, and that in the spring the British Army would stand 4,000,000 strong on its various fronts. Not only is recruiting jumping ahead in Great Britain, but our big Dependencies and India are also sending great new contingents into the fighting line, and our Expeditionary Force of 160,000 men is growing into an army that will place us high amongst the great European military powers, and represent nothing less than an Empire in the field.



A "LOT" AT THE CHRISTMAS IN WAR-TIME SALE: A COLOUR-SKETCH OF MRS. LAVERY, BY JOHN LAVERY, A.R.A.

We give above a small reproduction of a very interesting sketch of Mrs. Lavery, by Mr. Lavery, one of the paintings offered for sale to bidders at the Christmas in War-Time Sale, in aid of the Professional Classes, held at the Albert Hall yesterday (Dec. 7), to-day, and to-morrow. In company with it were works in various mediums by Sargent, Orpen, McEvoy, Nicholson, Augustus John, Greiffenhagen, Laszlo, Shannon, and many others.

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FROM OURS "STILL ALIVE AFTER EIGHT MONTHS."



"SKETCH" PICTURES WHICH HAVE BEEN TWICE IN PERIL—FROM A SHELL-BURST AND FROM RAIN:
KIRCHNERS IN A DUG-OUT AT THE FRONT

The photograph reproduced above came to us a day or two ago from a British dug-out at the front, with a letter which read: "At the Front. Dear Sir,—Enclosed memories of your Summer Number may interest you. They have adorned my dug-out for five months, though twice in peril—once from the wall falling in after a surfeit of rain, and, only yesterday, from a shell bursting within three

yards. We are looking forward with feelings of pleasure to your Christmas Number. Yours, Still Alive After Eight Months." Unfortunately, the sender of the photograph did not sign his name to his letter. When we receive it we shall be delighted to send him a copy of our Christmas Number (specially reserved), although it is almost out of print.



When the Christmas dinner is over,

and a solemn toast has been drunk to the gallant men who guard our homes, a happy time awaits you if you have a "PIANOLA" PIANO. Any or all of the old Yuletide carols, songs and melodies may be enjoyed at will, for the selections are no longer restricted by the skill of the pianist. There is no musical work of interest that you cannot

include in your Christmas programme if you wish, and whatever be the taste of your company you may be certain of pleasing it. The interest and enjoyment that you will personally derive from playing the PIANOLA PIANO will be inestimable for it is a rare delight to feel the music wholly under your control and responding to your slightest touch.

Call and inspect the Christmas Exhibition of "Pianola" Pianos at Æolian Hall, or write for details of our Special Christmas offer (N).



The ORCHESTRELLE CO.,
ÆOLIAN HALL,
135-137, New Bond Street, London, W.



AN ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR.



THE EMINENT MEMBER OF THE V.T.C. (*who, in a fit of absent-mindedness, has put on a silk hat, instead of his cap*): Wonder what the deuce they're laughing at! Anyone would think they hadn't seen a soldier before!

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.



By CARMEN OF COCKAYNE.

**Velvet, Velvet
All the Way.**

question about the really smart woman of to-day, for velvet is more than skirt-deep just now.



"High, fur-topped boots... and the Cos-sack dressing-jacket are the fashion of the boudoir."

"Without black-velvet breeches what is man?" asked a now-forgotten poet. It is not altogether in-apropos to ask the same question about the really smart woman of to-day, for velvet is more than skirt-deep just now. After flirting with half-a-dozen flames, Fashion has finally lavished all her affection on velvet, and, with the enthusiasm of a real lover, she cannot have too much of a good thing. The result is that the rather stately fabric usually so closely associated with vestments, ceremonial, the Peeresses' Gallery, mayoral robes, and dignity of all kinds, seems suddenly to have become imbued with a spirit of frivolous levity. It is catholic in its tastes and democratic in its sympathies to an almost grotesque extent. It disappears with a coquettish "swish" round the spiral that leads to the top of the motor-bus, or flares flip-pantly over a pair of neat understandings as they walk down Bond Street, quite as often as it reclines in the depths of a comfortable motor-car. There is scarcely any garment intended for women's wear, whether public or intimate, in which velvet does not play a prominent part, and its appearance in all sorts of new and strange rôles is rather perplexing. The effect, in fact, is much the same as would be produced if Gog and Magog were suddenly to start dancing the Fox-Trot on the occasion of the Lord Mayor's Banquet. In brief, it is velvet, velvet all the way—that is, if you want to be modish. If you don't—but those who are really indifferent to La Mode are so few as to be scarcely worth considering.

**From Hem to
Ankle.**

The parasol succumbed first. As long ago as

last summer it reared its glossy

velvet head amongst the ephemeral creations which, until then, had been the accepted form of sun-shield. Then there was the big, black velvet hat which created quite a sensation by appearing in midsummer in flat defiance of the tradition that velvet was winter wear. Since then, garment after garment has yielded. Jaunty morning suits, afternoon gowns, evening frocks, theatre wraps—all are made of velvet, which is really no more expensive than other winter materials, and has this advantage, that it is equally becoming to youth or middle age. Dolores shows here a typical frock. As to the material, it is, of course, velvet; as to style, it is Russian, for we are borrowing ideas for dress on a wholesale scale from the national costumes of our great Eastern ally. Cordings, braidings, Russian hats, "Droshky" driver collars, "Moujik" coats—all these are, for the time being, commonplaces of woman's dress. In this particular example (which, economists please note, might be worn either as dress or coat) the short, flaring skirt meets the jumper-like corsage well below the natural waist-line, which,



Velvet may frame the mirror or back the brush.

below the natural waist-line, which,



A very Russian affair indeed is this velvet coat-dress of which the short, flaring skirt meets the jumper-like corsage well below the natural waist-line. It is ornamented with thick silk braid, and a wide skunk-hem and high collar are other distinguishing features.

however, is defined by the crossed ceinture of thick silk braid, the same braid forming the triple fastening in the front. A wide skunk-hem and high collar are other distinguishing features of a garment which, as practical as it is becoming, was sketched at Messrs. Whiteley's, in Queen's Road. The high, fur-topped boots, the bejewelled hat and vanity-bag, are in keeping with the general idea; and the Cos-sack dressing-jacket shows that the fashion of the outside world is also the fashion of the boudoir.

The Velvet "Bloomer."

But, as has already been hinted, velvet has not confined its attentions to women's outer clothing. The boudoir acknowledges its sway; the bath-room has yielded to its seduction. Even in the elastic realm of "lingerie" is its authority acknowledged. The last-named department is fertile in surprises, one being velvet "bloomers," or knickers, if you prefer to call them so. "Bloomers"

de luxe, they are—charming

things of whose fascinations readers may judge for themselves on this page—meant, of course, for the seclusion of the bedroom, though our short skirts do play us nasty tricks sometimes. Still, they are "bloomers," and as such an outrage to the feelings of those who still cherish the memory of days when velvet and dignity were closely allied. Strange how much is in a name where fashion is concerned, for the stateliness which could accompany velvet breeches is vanquished utterly by the frivolous aspect of the velvet "bloomer."

The Byways of Velvet.

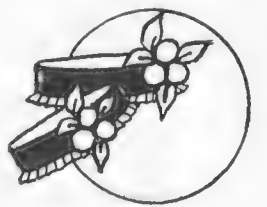
Nor is that all. The descent is lower yet. There is the velvet garter. Kings have bowed to garters before now,

so why not velvet? The velvet garter, then, is with us. A thing of ruffles and ruffles, embroidered roses and dainty braiding, which helps to keep the slippery silk stocking in its proper place, for not even the high boot can completely hide a stocking that succumbs to the deforming twist. Nor does the garter exhaust the infinite resourcefulness of velvet. As ribbon it threads its way through the meshes of the filmy lace which decorates the right kind of "undies."

In the form of cosy fur-trimmed slippers it steals from beneath the enveloping folds of the velvet dressing-gown or bath-wrap, both of which represent the height of luxury, and are proving a serious rival to the flimsy garments of crêpe-de-Chine hitherto regarded as ideal for boudoir wear. An attractive bath-wrap of this description was carried out in black chiffon velvet, had a lining of palest pink charmeuse, and boasted a huge skunk collar. For the hair, a band of velvet was provided; velvet shoes carried high at the back with fur tops, and a flesh-pink "nightie" completed the scheme. And very nice, too.



"The stateliness which could accompany velvet breeches is vanquished utterly by the frivolous aspect of the velvet 'bloomer.'"



"The velvet garter... helps to keep the slippery silk stocking in its proper place."

THE CHURCH MILITANT.



THE SOLDIER: Gran'papa, now you've been made a Canon, will you have to go to the front?

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.



A PUBLIC SPEAKER.

By CAPTAIN HORACE WYNDHAM.

IT was Friday night, and Nobby Clarke and his friend Ginger Jordan were strolling round the town in search of cheap amusement. Cheapness was essential, since, pay-day being still forty-eight hours ahead, the pockets of the two warriors were empty.

They had just left the bar of "The Jolly Drummer," after a determined, but unsuccessful, attempt to persuade the landlord of that establishment to supply them with beer on the instalment system. Defeated in the effort, they had bidden him a reluctant farewell, and announced their intention of withdrawing their valuable custom.

"All right," said the landlord callously; "I'll put up the shutters at once."

"Might as well try this instalment system first," said Nobby, lingering hopefully in the doorway. "You never know your luck. Come, be matey. You shall have your money to-morrow."

"Then that's when you can have your beer," was the unsympathetic response. "Push off!"

"The blooming place ought to be put out of bounds," declared Ginger, as he followed his comrade into the street. "Never saw a pub so badly managed. It's chronic! Not much good being on pass," he continued, "if it means a dry walk. I'd as soon stop in barracks."

"Don't let's waste our passes," said the other. "It's a month since I had one."

"Can't we touch anybody for a drink?"

Nobby considered the problem. No solution, however, offered itself.

"Precious little chance of that until pay-day," he returned. "Wish there was. Hullo, what's this?" he added, stopping to look at a poster exhibited in a window. "Listen here—'Codmore Hall, Barker's Alley. To-night at 7.30 p.m. Banner of Freedom Association. Grand League of Universal Brotherhood! Speaker Comrade Henry Gabb, London Delegate; Supported by Comrades Waggett and Blore. Subject—Military Despotism. All Heartily Welcomed. Come in Your Thousands!'"

"Ha!" said Jordan. "This wants looking into."

"Well, what do you say, Ginger? Shall we try it? Dusty Smith was telling me he went to one of these meetings the other day, and refreshments were served out afterwards. Now I come to think of it, though, it was a Soldiers' Home he went to. Still, let's try our luck."

"I'd rather go to a music-hall or a picture-palace," said Jordan, searching his pockets in the hope of discovering some forgotten coppers.

"Daresay you would. But this is 'admission free.'"

"That makes a difference," said the other thoughtfully. "But hold on," he added, taking another look at the bill; "it says 'silver collection.'"

"Well, they won't collect much out of us," declared his comrade. "What do you say—shall we chance it?"

"May as well."

"Of course," continued Nobby, "it means seven days if we're copped."

"Why?"

"Para. 1176B. King's Regulations and Orders for the Army," quoted the expert. "'Soldiers of all ranks are strictly forbidden to attend political demonstrations and similar gatherings. Any infringement will be treated as a breach of discipline.' That touches us."

"Pooh! Who's afraid?"

"Not me," declared Private Clarke, setting off down the street. "Come on, Ginger; I know the way."

Codmore Hall was only a few yards distant. It was an unattractive building that had commenced its career as a dissenting chapel; and Barker's Alley, where it stood, was a thoroughfare in the less fashionable portion of the town. Hanging round the entrance was a little group of men, wearing red ties and coloured rosettes. As Nobby and his companion approached they looked at them curiously. Then the nearest one took a step forward.

"Good-evening, brother," he said, addressing Nobby. "Come to join us, comrades?"

"Evening, Bertie."

"My name's not Bertie," scowled the stranger in an uncomrade-like fashion.

"Well, my brother's is. So if yours isn't you're not him. See?"

"Who are you getting at? I only passed a civil remark."

"Be careful," said Jordan. "I once knew a chap like you hurt himself trying to talk polite. Out of the way, please. We want to go in."

"Who are you pushing of?" demanded the other angrily.

"I'm not pushing," said Nobby, thrusting him back with his elbow. "I'm shoving. And don't look at me in that tone of voice, either."

"Why not?"

"Because, if you do, you'll be getting a thick ear."

An altercation seemed to threaten when the door suddenly opened and a steward came bustling forward.

"Pass them Red-coats up to the front," he said. "This will interest them special. Come along o' me, you two. Make way there."

The next moment Messrs. Clarke and Jordan, piloted by the official, found themselves seated on a bench inside the hall. Glancing up with interest, they took stock of their surroundings. Apparently they were the only members of the garrison in the room, the rest of the audience, numbering about fifty, being limited to civilians. Immediately in front of them was a platform, where, at a small table covered with a red flag, stood Mr. Henry Gabb, supported by a couple of committee-men. He was a prosperous-looking individual, with a raucous voice and a foxy expression. In one hand he held a sheaf of papers, while he used the other to emphasise his points.

"Who's that chap up there?" demanded Ginger of the man next him.

"Which one?"

"Him with the funny face."

"Whatcher mean, talking like that?"

"Well, the chap spouting on the platform."

"Oh, him. His name's Gabb."

"I'm glad mine isn't," said Nobby.

"Hush!" exclaimed a steward warningly.

As he spoke, the orator appeared to be finishing his preliminary address, for the audience shuffled their feet and began to applaud vigorously.

"What's it all about?" inquired Ginger, who had only managed to catch a word or two.

Hearing the question, Mr. Gabb smiled patronisingly, advanced to the edge of the platform, and held up a not over-clean hand.

"I notice a couple of soldiers 'ave joined us," he observed. "In the name of the committee, I extend them a 'earty welcome."

"Much obliged," said Nobby.

"It's a pity you missed my opening speech, though. The subject was Military Despotism. It would 'ave interested you two special."

"I'll take your word for it," said Jordan.

"But much of what I 'ad to say you wouldn't 'ave understood."

"Why not, guv'nor?" demanded Nobby.

"Because you two chaps are only pore uneducated soldiers. It's not your fault. You haven't had the advantages of us other gents."

"Steady on there," said Jordan. "Me and Nobby nearly got third-class certificates once."

"Beg pardon."

"All right. Get on with it."

Mr. Gabb blew his nose, picked up a glass of water, and as nearly as possible drank it. However, he put it back on the table just in time. Then, glaring at a small boy who had ventured to laugh, he addressed himself once more to Nobby Clarke.

"See 'ere, comrade," he began.

"Not so much 'comrade,'" said Nobby.

"You mustn't interrupt the meeting. If so be as you 'ave a question to ask, well, I'll answer it. Can't say fairer than that, can I? Now, then, what's your question?"

"I haven't got one—yet."

The speaker smiled triumphantly.

"Then, my friend, may I ask you one?"

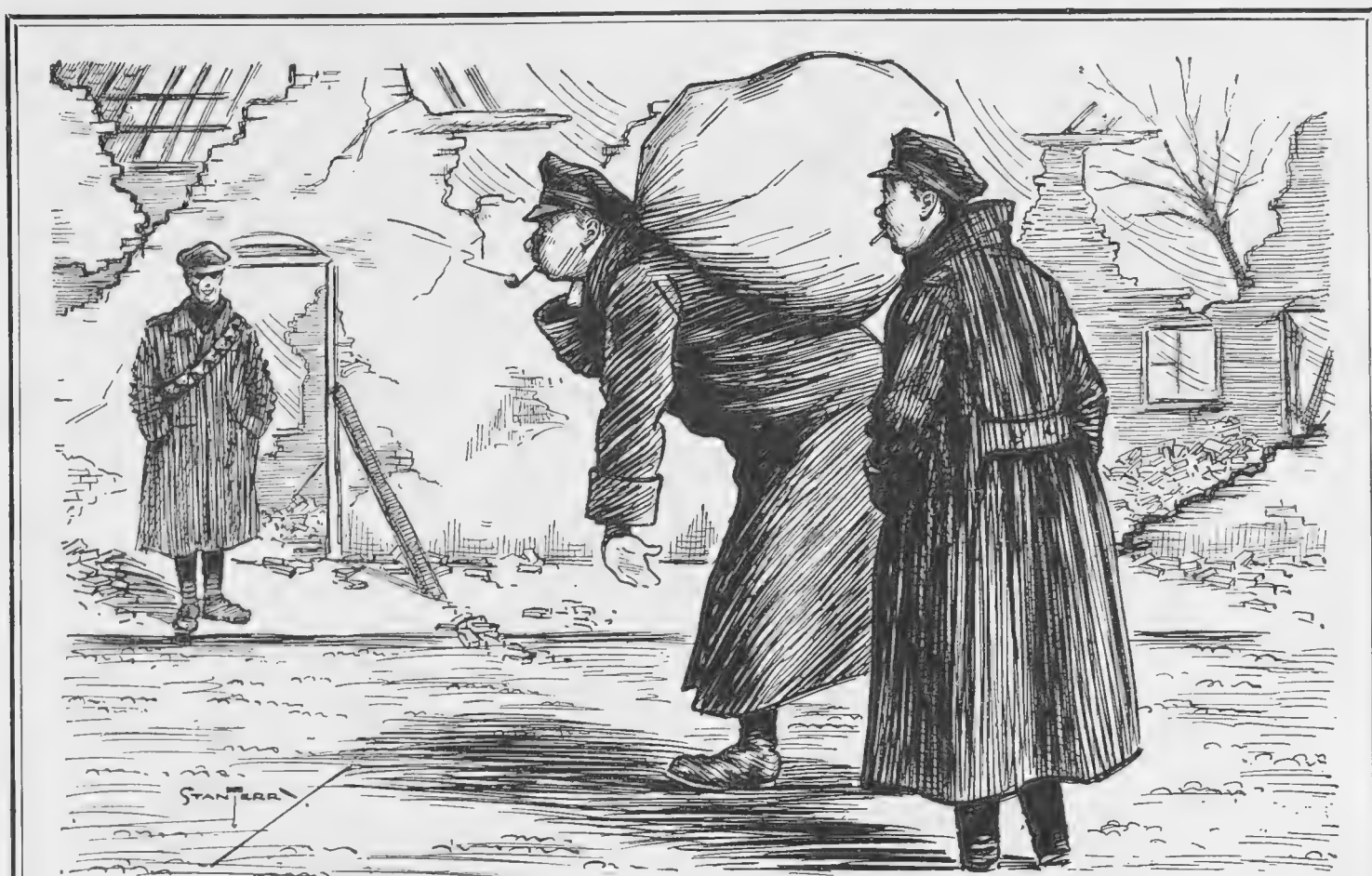
"Chuck it off your chest."

"Very well. What is it you want most in the Army? Tell me that."

"Free beer."

[Continued overleaf.]

PRINCELY!



THE WAG: Nah, then, Chran Prince, 'arves!

DRAWN BY STAN TERRY.



THE CLIENT: I understood you to say that your charges would be light!

THE AGENT: I believe I did say my fee would be nominal: but—

THE CLIENT: Oh, I see; you meant *phe*-nomenal!

DRAWN BY BERTRAM FRANCE.

"And less messing about," said Ginger.

Mr. Gabb kept his temper with difficulty, and waited for the ribald burst of merriment evoked by these unexpected responses to subside. Then he made a fresh attempt.

"You don't understand me. The question is, what will you do when you're a civilian again? When you've cast off the badge of slavery you're wearing, won't you take the very first opportunity of—"

"When I'm a civilian again," said Nobby reflectively, "I know what I shall do."

"And what's that?"

"I shall hire a chap to wake me up at six o'clock every morning."

"Whatever for?" inquired somebody in astonishment.

"To say to me, 'Revally's just sounded, Nobby, and you're for guard.'"

"What's the idea of that?" said Mr. Gabb, looking puzzled.

"Because I shall answer back, very polite, 'Give the Colonel my comps and tell him he can go on guard himself, because I'm not going to get up till it suits me!' Then I shall go to sleep again."

Mingled with the laughter that met this response were angry murmurs from the stewards and cries of "Order!" and "Put him out!" Mr. Gabb, however, shook his head in disagreement.

"Let us give our military brothers a hearing," he said, addressing Private Jordan. "I ask you two soldiers there, what will you 'ave?"

"Mine's a bitter," called out Nobby.

"Same here," said Ginger, "but not too much froth on it."

Mr. Gabb folded his arms and smiled patiently.

"My military friends, you don't understand me. I asked, what will you 'ave?"

"I heard you."

"But you didn't 'ear me in the proper spirit. Once more, what will you 'ave—a life o' glorious freedom under the red banner o' liberty, along with me and these other gents, or a life of slavery under the iron 'eel of tyranny and oppression and military despotism. Which is it to be? Make your choice."

"Thanks, but we're pretty well all right as it is," said Nobby.

"No, you're not," declared the other. "You're all wrong. When I think of it, my 'eart fair bleeds for you."

"Your nose will bleed too, if you're not careful," murmured Ginger under his breath.

"And I'll tell you for why," went on the speaker, with gathering emphasis. "It's because you're not soldiers, you're slaves. The pore, down-trodden victims of a set of brutal and licentious officers. And what are your officers? A gang of aristocratic monopolists and evil-living tyrants, with no thought for any but themselves. A pack of gilded, dressed-up popinjays who batten on the people. Profligates! That's what they are."

"And what are you, guv'nor, when you're at home?" inquired Nobby.

"I'm a patriot and an honest man. That's what I am."

"Where's your friend?"

"Whatcher mean?" demanded Mr. Gabb, in a puzzled voice.

"Well, I only see one of you."

"You keep a civil tongue in your 'ead," returned the other, beginning to lose his temper at last. "And just remember this, my friend—it's the likes o' us as keeps the likes o' you."

"Come off it," said Ginger.

"And don't speak till you're spoke to."

"Then talk sense."

"Chair!" bellowed a committee-man.

Mr. Gabb bit his lips, turned to his notes, and began again.

"As I said just now, before I was interrupted by people who don't know better, this 'ere condition of things can't go on. And what's more, comrades, it shan't go on. Listen to me; I only ask for time—"

"You'll get it right enough, if you carry on this way much longer," said Nobby.

"Time to remedy this 'ere 'orrible state of affairs," continued Mr. Gabb, ignoring the interruption. "Time to 'elp you take up your proper position and enjoy the splendid 'eritage which is yours by right, and which you've been done out of. It's freedom I offer you. Freedom instead of slavery! Freedom from relentless tyrants in red coats, who batten on the sweat of your brows. Freedom from military despots and 'ired assassins in red coats, that would bite the 'and that nourishes them, and shoot down the poor wo:king-man with guns and what not! Freedom!"

"Don't he talk a treat?" muttered Nobby. "Gabb's his clever name. Well, he's got the gift of it, and no blooming error."

"And as for you soldiers, if you was men, instead of dummies, you wouldn't stand it another minute. Why don't you strike?"

"Shall in a moment, if you're not careful."

"That's enough of it," said Mr. Gabb, feeling it time to assert himself and put a stop to being heckled. "I'm addressing this meeting, not you. We don't want fellers like you talking to us. And if we did, you wouldn't 'ave anything to say worth listening to."

"I've a lot to say."

"Then don't stand mumbling down there. Come up on the platform and say it."

"Yes, let's 'ear the soldier," shouted a voice from the back of the hall.

Nobby accepted the invitation readily enough, and, with Jordan following him, clambered on to the platform.

"Just listen to me for a bit," he said, commencing with ominous calm, but working himself up as he proceeded. "You, Mr. Henry Gabb, say this red coat of mine is a badge of slavery. It's the King's uniform, and I tell you I'm proud to wear it. And so are lots of others. That's something you can be thankful for. The Army's all right. It's you, and scum like you, who are all wrong. We don't want your sort in the Service—wouldn't have you there at a gift."

"'Ere, that's enough of it."

"Half a mo'," said Nobby. "I'll be finished directly."

Then he turned to Mr. Gabb.

"You say you keep us. That's where you're wrong. It's we who keep you. If it wasn't for the likes of us, where would you and the other civilians be? Not sitting at home or in pubs, swilling beer and running down soldiers. No, you'd be running away from the Germans when they come over here as fast as you could. Who are the first people you send for when you are in danger? Why, the soldiers, of course. If you dare to say another word against them, my pal Ginger and I will knock your silly face in."

"Hear, hear!" shouted Jordan. "I'm with you there, Nobby."

"Pooh!" said Mr. Gabb, with a sneer. "All very well to talk."

"I'll do something else directly if I have any more of your lip," returned Nobby.

"No, you won't. And I'll tell you the reason—it's because you're afraid."

"Take that back."

"I won't take nothing back."

"Here, hold my coat," said Nobby, unbuckling his belt. "I'm going to teach that chap manners. He's properly asking for it."

As he spoke, he took a step forward, swung back his fist, and knocked Mr. Gabb off his chair. At the same time Private Jordan grappled with a member of the committee who had rashly gone to the speaker's assistance. The next moment there was a general hand-to-hand struggle in progress, everybody shouting at the top of his voice.

"Perlice!" bellowed Mr. Gabb, crawling under the table and clasping Nobby by the legs. "'Elp! I'm being 'orribly assaulted. This 'ere chap's going to 'it me. Send for the military. 'Elp!"

At the cry from their leader half the audience rushed towards the platform, with the object of rescuing him. Chairs and benches were upset, and windows smashed. Shouts and jeers filled the air. Everything was uproar and confusion. If Nobby and his comrade dealt some vigorous blows, they were given some in return.

Suddenly a cry of "Police!" was raised, and, as a couple of stalwart inspectors appeared among them, the crowd swept through the door. Nobby and Ginger would have followed, but a stern voice at the far end of the hall, penetrating above the din, stopped them.

"Stand fast, those two men of the Rutlands!"

Nobby glanced up with a start. Then, as he recognised a familiar figure, he took his foot off the prostrate form of Mr. Gabb, who promptly fled through the back door, and sank into a chair.

"We're copped!" he exclaimed. "There's the Adjutant."

"And Nosey Parker along of him," added Jordan.

Captain Sackville, followed by the Provost-Sergeant, elbowed his way through the hall to the edge of the platform.

"Well, you two," he said severely, "what have you got to say for yourselves?"

"Very sorry, Sir," returned Nobby; "but me and Ginger—I mean, Private Jordan—just dropped in by accident."

"H'm, rum sort of accident."

"Shall I fetch an escort, Sir?" inquired the non-commissioned officer.

"Wait a minute," said Captain Sackville. Then he turned to Nobby again. "I suppose you know you had no business to be here?"

"Serious breach of discipline," declared the other.

"Shut up, Sergeant. When I want your opinion I'll tell you."

The Adjutant's manner suggested that he was not really so angry as he appeared. Appreciating the fact, Nobby felt his spirits rise.

"I didn't know what we were being let in for," he urged. "Jordan and me wouldn't have touched that civilian, only he began to insult the Army. We couldn't stick that, Sir."

Captain Sackville nodded. Then his expression changed.

"Quite right of you," he said. "I was in the hall and saw what happened. I also heard you both stand up for your uniform. If you hadn't done so I should put you in the guard-room for being at this meeting. As it is, I congratulate you on your début as a public speaker. Now I shall say no more about it. Get to barracks at once."

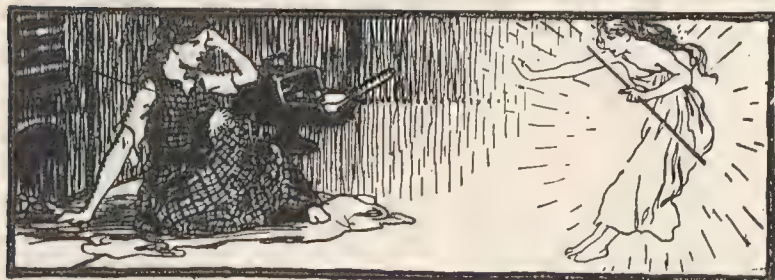
"Thank you, Sir," said Nobby, saluting. "Come on, Ginger."

At his officer's decision, Sergeant Parker's face fell. Disappointment was written all over it.

"Aren't these men to be confined for going against garrison orders?" he protested.

"Certainly not," returned the Adjutant. "They ought to be rewarded. Now then, you two, clear off."

THE END.



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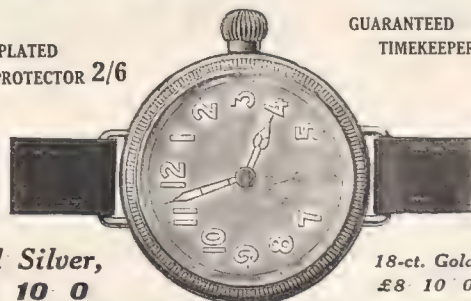
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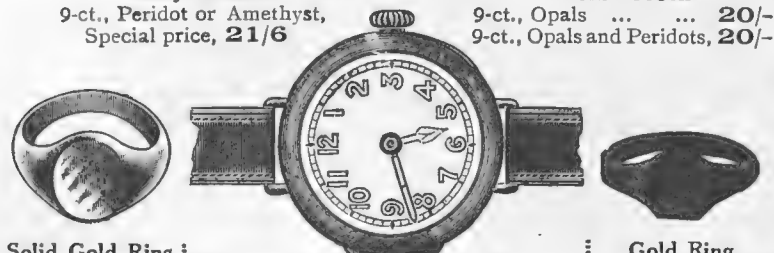
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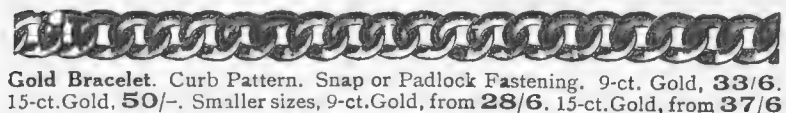
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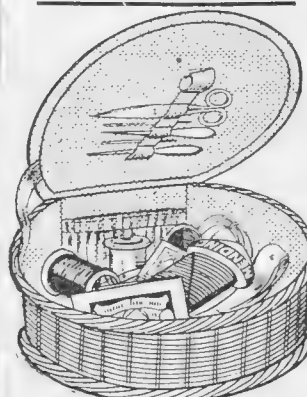
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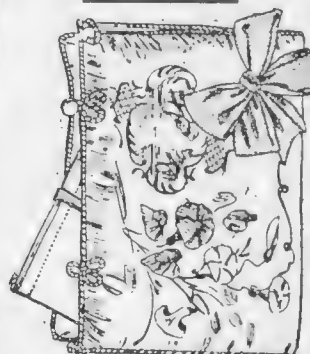
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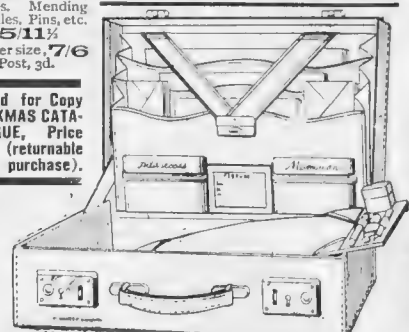


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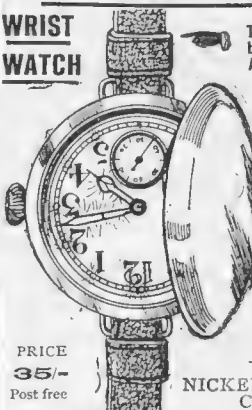
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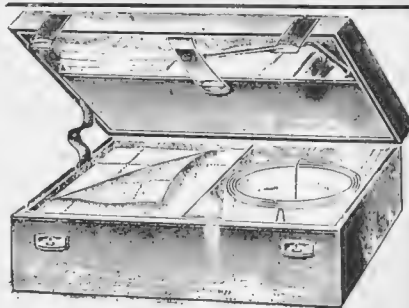
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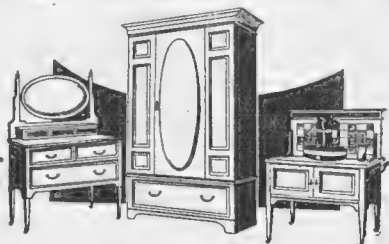
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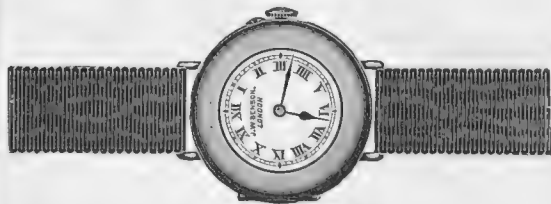
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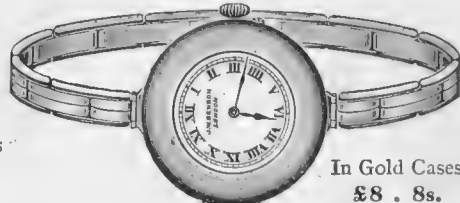
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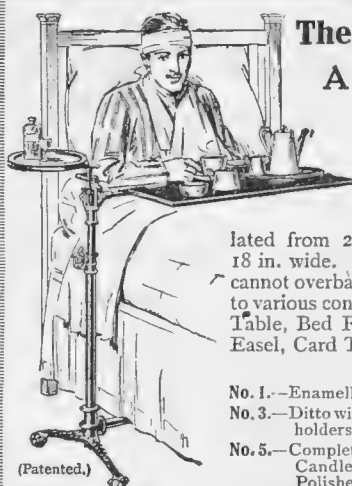
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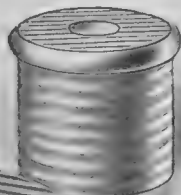
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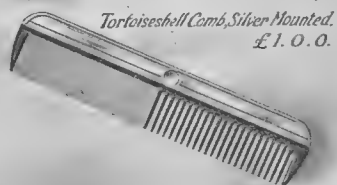
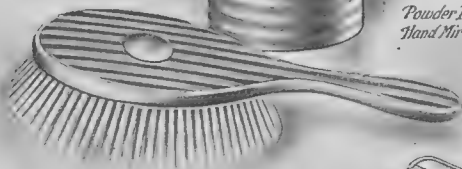
SEASONABLE PRESENTS.



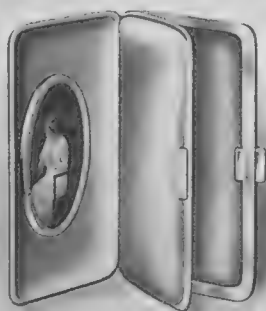
Naval Crown Brooch, Diamonds and Emeralds.
£15. 0. 0.



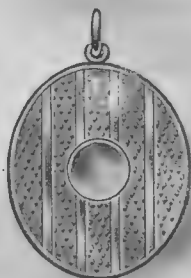
Solid Silver Toilet Set, Engine Turned Pattern. Hair Brush £1. 15. 0. Powder Box £3. 0. 0. Hand Mirror £3. 5. 0.



Tortoiseshell Comb, Silver Mounted.
£1. 0. 0.



Solid Silver Concave Cigarette Case, with Secret Photo Division.
£2. 7. 6.



Fine Gold Locket.
£2. 5. 0



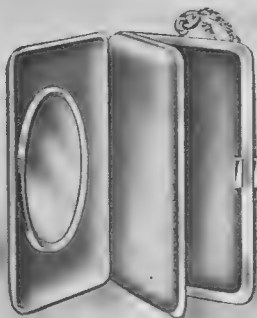
Amethyst and Pearl Earrings.
£2. 12. 6. per pair.



Royal Artillery Badoe Brooch. Fine Gold & Enamel, with Diamond Wheel.
£5. 10. 0.



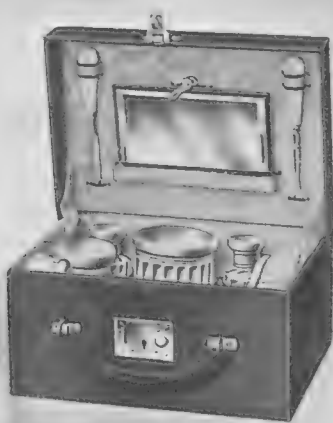
Silver Mounted and Inlaid Tortoiseshell Manicure Set.
£5. 15. 0



Lady's Cigarette & Treasury Note Case, with Secret Photo Division, Solid Silver, with Silver Chain for carrying.
£2. 15. 0.



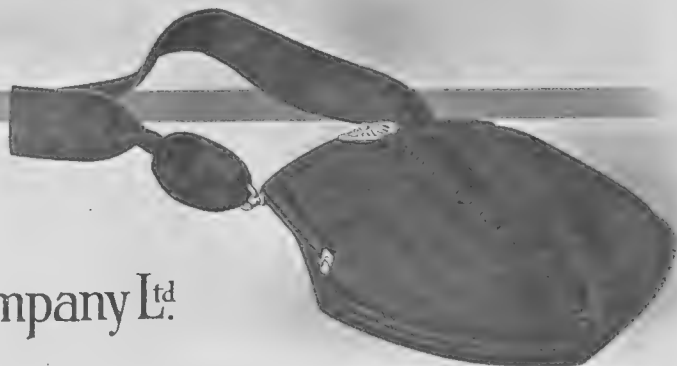
Solid Silver Chain Bag. Width of Frame 4 1/8 ins.
£3. 0. 0.



Moiré Silk Motor Case. Solid Silver Gill & Ivory Fittings, Size 8x6 ins.
£6. 10. 0.



Diamond Set Platinum Watch Bracelet.
£95. 0. 0.



Black Moiré Silk Hand Bag, with Purse, Mirror and Division. Marcassite Snap.
£4. 0. 0.

THESE gifts with many others of highest quality and moderate price, are to be seen at

THE Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company Ltd

Only Address:

112, Regent St., London, W.

A Catalogue will be sent post free on application.



"Poor old boy, is it feeling humpy, then?"

"Put away that old paper, and let me give you one of my own Kenilworth Cigarettes. You can't be feeling humpy and smoking a Kenilworth at the same time."

*Kenilworths are the most soothing
and seductive Cigarettes imaginable*



No other cigarettes are quite like them. They are made of mellow golden Virginia leaf in an entirely new way. The long fine strands of tobacco are drawn out straight as a girl brushes her hair, and laid carefully side by side so that the cigarette smokes evenly throughout.

You have only to open a Kenilworth

to see how beautifully it is made. You have only to smoke a Kenilworth to see how much more pleasure it gives you than ordinary Virginias.

You will find that Kenilworth Cigarettes compare favourably with the most expensive brands you can buy in Bond Street, and yet they only cost 1/- for 20. All good tobacconists keep them.

PRICES.—1/- for 20, 2/4 for 50, 4/8 for 100. If your Tobacconist does not stock them, send his name and address and 1/- in stamps for sample box post free.

FOR THE FRONT.—We will post Kenilworth Cigarettes to Soldiers or Sailors abroad specially packed in airtight tins of 50 at 2/6 per 100, duty free. Postage 1/- for 200 to 300; 1/4 up to 900. Minimum order 200. Order through your tobacconist or send remittance direct to us.

Postal Address: 16, Lord Nelson Street, Liverpool.

COPE BROS. & CO., LTD., LIVERPOOL & LONDON

Manufacturers of High Class Cigarettes

*Born 1820—
still going strong.*



JOHNNIE WALKER: "You get your letters home, censored, eh?"

CANADIAN: "Yes, but we just put, 'like Johnnie Walker,' then those at home know we are 'still going strong!'"



Christmas Presents for All.

The Badge at the Moment.

Without doubt the gift of the season to the women left behind is the badge of the regiment or corps to which their fighting-men belong. To Messrs. Charles Packer, 76-8, Regent Street, belongs the credit of turning out the badge of any regiment or corps—Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, Scottish Horse included—at a uniform price of £2 2s. each. They are beautifully made in 15-carat gold and enamel, and are charming little ornaments, which will have a life-long interest, and, when the victory is won, will be a souvenir of personal friends' or relatives' participation in it. They are fitted into a neat velvet-lined case, and sent, post free, to any address. This is a great convenience for men who are away at one or other of the fronts—they can have their Christmas present sent through the post; and what delightful surprises they will be! There are, in addition, at this old-established and well-known house many other useful and convenient gifts for our fighting and watching men, such as a silver match-box with a wind-screen to protect the match; a flask with a long bracket for the stopper, leaving the mouth-piece free; a wallet for Treasury Notes which, by a conjuring trick, secures them safely behind ribbon, and keeps them flat and safe. There are dozens of such gifts; and if a visit is impossible, an illustrated list, which will be sent on application, is a good guide.

What Our Men Like.

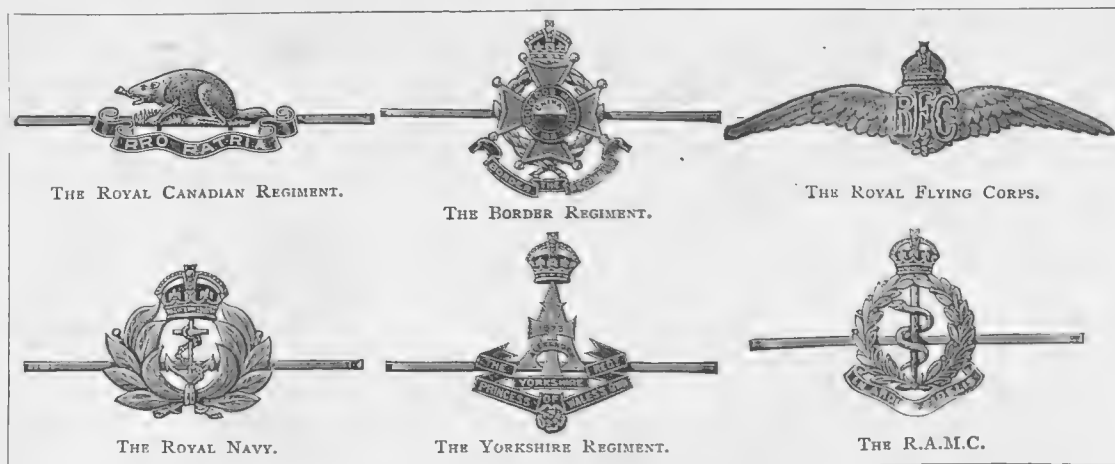
Such practical presents as will delight men on active service have been prepared at the establishments of John Pound and Co., which are naturally the rendezvous of officers and their friends. Whether it be 268-270, Oxford Street; 187, Regent Street; 177-178, Tottenham Court Road; 81-84, Leadenhall Street; or 243, Brompton Road, men in khaki and their womenkind are busy appreciating the many conveniences John Pound and Co. have prepared for service. Very compact and excellent is a sleeping-valise in brown waterproof canvas bound with hide; the body is lined with cloth, and there is a bolster and a pocket. Complete with straps, the price is 75s. A three-fold map-case also appeals to officers; it has a long pocket at the back, the maps fit behind a talc cover measured out in squares. Complete with detachable strap in khaki drill, it costs only 13s. 6d.; in real pigskin, 22s. 6d. Another great idea in the way of a present for an officer is an electric lamp complete with a leather case and a hook to fasten it to the belt. If it is required for examining maps, a leather hood comes down partially over it, throwing the light downwards and shrouding it at the top and sides. If it is wanted for flashing or for continuous lighting it is equally reliable, and the price complete is a guinea. The Outpost canteen is another splendid present. It is only 1½ lb. in weight, contains saucepan, frying-pan, kettle, absorbent asbestos stove, spirit-container, plate, condiment-box, etc., all packed in what will fit comfortably in a great-coat pocket. This, complete with a cover and strap, costs only 22s. 6d. For the ladies left behind there are all

kinds of useful and charming gifts, including a fine variety of bags. It is, therefore, small wonder that John Pound's shops are Service rendezvous, and their illustrated lists in great demand.

"It."

The thing to give your menkind, whether at home or abroad, is a razor, and, in case it should carry any sinister suggestion or symbolise a severed friendship, send one that will shave and that won't cut—namely, the Gillette safety. There is great demand for the friendship of a man in the trenches who possesses one, for all are as brothers there, and the Gillette can be used by anyone. They have the advantage of being most easily carried, and, for convenience, are

put up for the pocket in neat flat cases, silver-plated or in gun-metal, no larger than a cigarette-case. These cost as little as a guinea, and cause many guineas' worth of gratitude. Still more acceptable is the Gillette Combination Set, containing, besides the razor, a shaving-soapstick and brush complete; this costs from 25s. These incomparable safety razors can



THE NEW REGIMENTAL BADGE BROOCHES.
Messrs. Charles Packer and Co., 76-8, Regent Street, W.

be bought from cutlers and dealers in any town in the kingdom, enclosed in neat boxes ready for post.

Crème de la Crème. This is really true of Crème Simon, one of the finest preparations for the skin. It has kept its place as favourite with great ladies and great actresses for several generations, and is prepared in convenient form to carry about, and it will keep in all climates. Poudre Simon is no less valuable a preparation, and is in tone to suit different complexions. The preparations of Messrs. Simon and Co. can be had from chemists and stores all over the country.

State Express. When in doubt, play a box of State Express Cigarettes. Whether Virginia (the famous No. 555) or Turkish (No. 444), they always turn up trumps to the smoker. They never vary in quality, as they are made from the

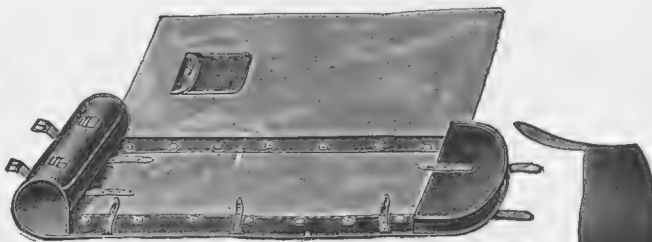
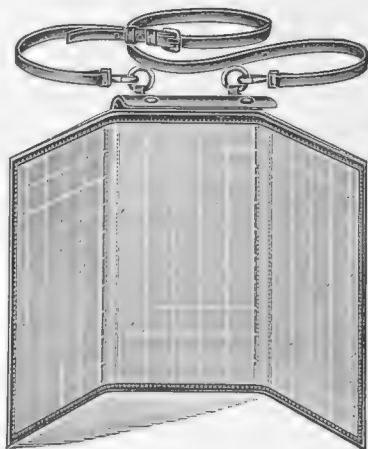
finest tobacco that can be procured, and manufactured by experts in the most scientific way. So, on land or sea, our fighting men and watching men are delighted to welcome the State Express; they know it is Express de Luxe.

Of the Period.

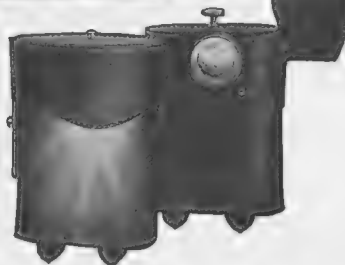
Never were our English homes so dear to us as now; never did we desire more to have them just right than when our men come to them occasionally from the

trenches, the ships, the training-camps, the hospitals. In one thing we improve—that is, harmony. Community Plate has greatly helped us because it is not only the finest plating on nickel with the hardest-worked parts reinforced, but the spoons, forks, dessert-knives are made in absolutely correct periods. Whatever your dining-room be—Sheraton, Adam, Heppelwhite—this beautiful and lifetime-wearing plate is made in the period, and the prices are most moderate: a dozen table-spoons for £1 3s. 6d. is just one example. Whether it is desired to give a little present like a baby

[Continued overleaf.]



A THREE-FOLD MAP-CASE.
THE "WOLSELEY" VALISE.
THE "ACTIVE SERVICE"
ELECTRIC LAMP.
PRACTICAL PRESENTS
FOR OFFICERS
AT THE FRONT.
Messrs. John Pound and Co.,
268-70, Oxford Street, W.



MAKERS OF SAILOR SUITS TO H.M. THE QUEEN.



ROWE Sailor Suits and Overcoats for Girls

are most attractive adaptations from real British Naval Models.

The same fine tailoring, the same pure wool materials that have made Rowe Sailor garments for Boys world-famous, assure the comfort, style, and wearing quality of Rowe garments for Girls.

PROVINCIAL AGENTS.

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JOHN WALSH, Ltd.

ROWE

106, New Bond St., London, W.



COMMUNITY PLATE



TO SATISFY GOOD TASTE in a dining room of the Hepplewhite, Adam, or Sheraton style the corresponding Period design in Community Plate is assuredly pre-requisite. Indeed, in any dining room this beautiful but inexpensive silverware gives extreme pleasure.

Community Plate is heavily electro-plated by a special process with pure silver on a base of the finest nickel silver. The parts most subject to wear are then reinforced with a visible disc of solid silver, making Community Plate practically wear-proof. In ordinary family use it will last a life-time.

On Exhibition at the following high-class Silversmiths:—

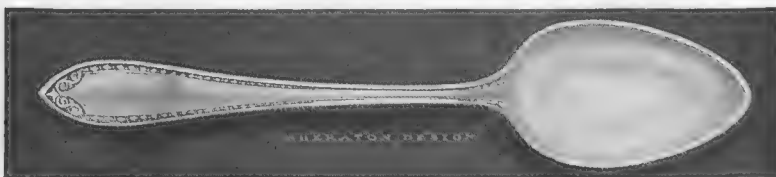
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Guaranteed for Fifty Years

To be had in canteens containing everything for six people or twelve people. Or separate tablespoons and dinner forks, 33/6 per dozen. Other items accordingly.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY LTD.

Established 1848 and Incorporated 1881 in Oneida, New York.
Diamond House, Hatton Garden, LONDON, E.C.



The Brush that really Brushes

THE MASON PEARSON BRUSH is made of the best black wild boar bristles, scientifically set in clusters in a pneumatic rubber pad and will pass through your hair just as a comb does. You feel the bristles getting down to the scalp and thoroughly cleansing your hair of all dust. Experience proves that the Mason Pearson does its work more pleasantly and more effectively than any type of brush yet devised, and by stimulating the skin action improves the condition and appearance of the hair. Look for the name

MASON PEARSON
— London — England

Beware of wire substitutes. The name Mason Pearson on the Brush guarantees the finest black wild boar bristles.

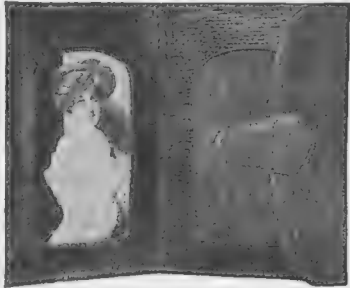
The Mason Pearson Brush is made in two grades and sold by most high class Chemists, Stores, and Hairdressers—"Standard" price 7/6. Extra thick bristles, price 10/6.

Mason Pearson Selling Agency, Ltd., 61 New Oxford St., London, W.C

set—jam-spoons, afternoon-teaspoons—or a canteen for a dozen people, there is a dignity and beauty about Community Plate that imparts to any gift distinction. It is well worth a visit to Diamond

**A SERVICE PHOTOGRAPH CASE
AND NEW SILK BAG.**

Mark Cross, 89, Regent Street, W.



House, Hatton Garden, where the Oneida Company will be pleased to show this artistic and fine silverware.

**For the Camp,
the Billet, and
the Boudoir.**

Everyone is seeking suitable gifts for our fighting-men, while they are seeking for gifts for the women they have left behind them; so that a catalogue of novelties, properly illustrated, and their points explained, such as is issued by the celebrated firm of Mark Cross, 89, Regent Street, W., is a real help in gift-selecting, and it will be sent to any address on application. From the very large choice of practical and novel presents to be found at this establishment, I may mention the flat Service cigarette-case, which takes thirty. The case has two pockets, each strengthened by a light metal spring; they fold one over the other, and are secured by a covering-flap. Thus a magazine of cigarettes in good condition is always at hand. The price in pigskin, lined with calf, is 15s. A case of the same kind for general service, in brown waterproof canvas, can be had for 5s. A most useful gift is the Cross Service razor. It is a safety-razor, the handle all in one piece, and the blades of the best Sheffield steel, carefully tested. This is a singularly inexpensive gift; silver-plated, with two blades in a flat leather case, it is 2s. With five blades, in a larger black leather case, it is 4s. 6d. Any even number of blades are supplied at 2s. 6d. a dozen. A Cross Service mirror of unbreakable metal, in a pigskin case, lined with chamois leather, the mirror drilled for hanging up, costs 6s. Cross hand-bags for ladies are celebrated the world over for exclusiveness and beauty. A new one is in black silk on a Galolith frame, exactly like tortoiseshell; it is very light and very practical. It is lined with old-gold moiré and fitted with a hand-glass on a chain, a purse, etc. It is also very effective in amber tortoiseshell; the bag of blue faille. These cost 57s. 6d., and are a triumph in eliminating metal and procuring lightness and strength. The Doric envelope-bag, which has a strap for the hand, is most convenient; it is now made in a most attractive striped leather. It is most usefully fitted, and costs only 25s. These are only examples of hundreds of exclusive and handsome gifts.

The Right Gifts.

To be absolutely sure of finding just the right present for man, woman, or child, soldier, sailor, airman, submarine man, or civilian, make a point of visiting one or other of Messrs. Mappin and Webb's fine establishments, either 158 to 162, Oxford Street; 2, Queen Victoria Street; or their beautiful new premises, 172, Regent Street. At any of them are presents of every kind the heart could wish. In the jewellery department are regimental gifts and tasteful presents for ladies, such as a moonstone-and-diamond bracelet or neckband ornament such as we illustrate, at £7 10s. This could be mounted on regimental ribbon. Remarkable value is the Mappin bracelet-watch, complete in a leather case on expanding gold wristlet for £5. Again, a beautiful gift at a most moderate price

is a Chippendale sterling silver tea-set, the tea-pot of pint capacity, for £4 17s. 6d. A cigarette-case in plain sterling silver, the shape concave, to take a miniature, at £2 17s. 6d., is also a beautiful gift, especially for a man going campaigning. The illustrated list published by the firm will indicate many other delightful presents, and it will be sent on application. The name of the firm guarantees the excellence of the purchases there. There are numerous Service gifts, such as a bullet-proof mirror, a pigskin money-belt, trench lighters, Treasury-note cases, etc.; while for ladies a wide selection of exclusive bags and dressing-cases makes irresistible appeal. There are all kinds of delightful and useful things for the house in silver and in the firm's world-celebrated Princes' Plate.

Witching Charm.

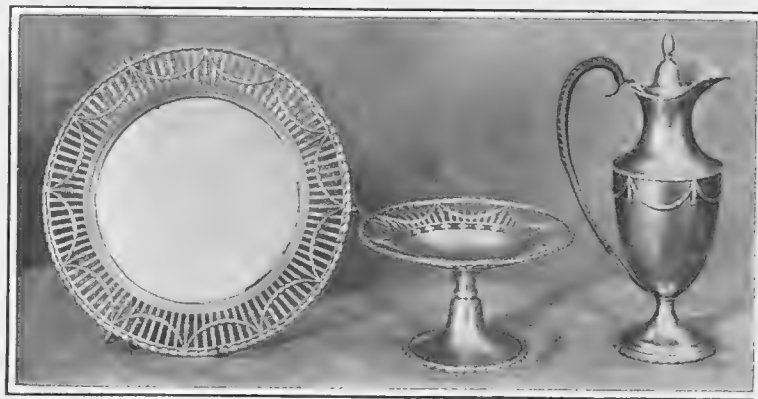
There is no more memory-haunting thing than a delicious and haunting perfume such as Omar Khayyâm, as distilled by the celebrated Courvoisier. It is the favourite of the year, and a bottle, or several bottles, of it—as war funds permit—make a gift of sentiment and distinction. It is sold by all chemists and stores at 2s. 6d. to 3s. 3d. a bottle.

**Reliable and
Useful.**

A watch is a gift always valued; when it is one of those called Waltham its value is great indeed, for it is absolutely reliable—it will be correct in the trenches, on the waves, in the air, or under the waves in a submarine. The Waltham book, which can be obtained on application at 125, High Holborn, W.C., by mentioning being a reader of *The Sketch*, shows the different kinds of these timekeepers. The wristlet-watches for men, from £3 3s., and those for ladies, from £6 13s. 9d., are specially delightful Christmas gifts.

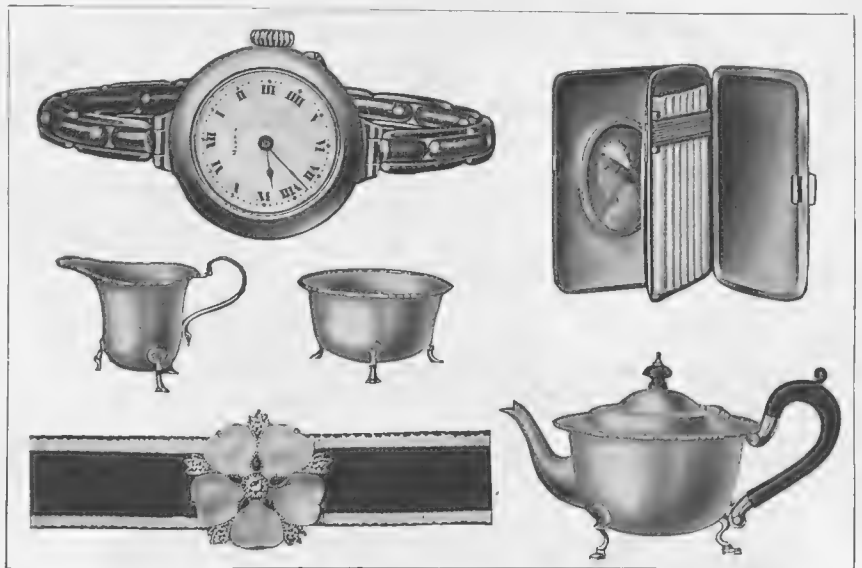
**Where Gifts
Abound.**

No one would suppose during a visit to Waring and Gillow's palatial establishment that we are engaged in the greatest war of all time. The departments are full of the most attractive things, and at quite moderate cost. There are photograph-frames with regimental badges in silver and in bronze, and there are quite small gifts—tortoiseshell disc brooches with the crests of ships let in, in silver. These cost only 3s. 6d. each. There are beautiful silver boxes; silver drinking-cups too—one is a copy of an old English one, with genuine old coins let into it, and under it, framed in glass, dice with which to throw for who treats next—a form of hospitality at present in abeyance. There is a portable writing-table in red morocco, easy to carry from room to room; it is fully fitted and most convenient. Another is automatic in appearing and disappearing; the table is a handsome rosewood one, and can be used for ordinary purposes when not required for writing. Very clever is a writing-table, for a flat or cottage, which is also a case for a canteen of table silver for twelve people. There are brightly coloured and handsome brocade and



**A SILVER WAITER, FRUIT-STAND, AND HOT-WATER JUG,
IN THE ADAM STYLE.**

Messrs. Waring and Gillow, Limited, 164-180, Oxford Street, W.



**THE "MAPPIN" BRACELET WATCH; A DIAMOND-AND-MOONSTONE NECKBAND
ORNAMENT, AND SILVER PRESENTS.**

Messrs. Mappin and Webb, 158-162, Oxford Street, W., etc.

taffetas cushions and ottoman poufs; things cheerful and home-like, they are supplied to harmonise with any colour-scheme of any room, and are most moderate in price, as are table-cloths and mats—all things that make useful and charming gifts.



Economical War-time Dishes.

Plain, inexpensive fare, such as Cold Meat, Made Dishes &c., can be rendered pleasing & appetizing by the addition of **LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.**

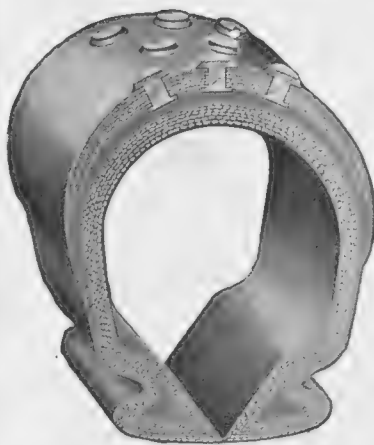
Owing to the **QUALITY** and concentration of its ingredients, a little of this sauce goes a long way, and it is therefore most **ECONOMICAL** in use.

Observe the
Signature thus:—

Lea & Perrins

*in White across
the Red Label on
every bottle.*

The Original and Genuine
WORCESTERSHIRE.



Characteristic points of the **WOOD-MILNE** Steel-Studded Tyre

- The Tread, being moulded to the casing, is an integral part of the Tyre, will not work loose, and furthermore
- Fixes the studs so firmly that they cannot possibly pull out.

This Tyre is being largely used at the Front, and is giving uniformly excellent results under conditions far more severe than will ever be experienced by **your** car.

Wood-Milne STEEL-STUDDED TYRE

Guaranteed 3500 Miles.

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Charles Packer & Co

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The Black Watch.

The Royal Munster Fusiliers.

The Royal Artillery.

The Royal Engineers.

The Northumberland Fusiliers.

Solid 18-ct. Gold Signet Ring,
£1 18 6

Badge of any
Regiment
£2 2 0

Money returned
in full if not
approved.

Solid 18-ct. Gold Signet Ring,
£3 5 0

The Fashionable "FETTER" Bracelet, 9-ct. Gold, £3 3 0; 15-ct. Gold, £5 10 0; 18-ct. Gold, £7 15 0

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POST FREE ON REQUEST.

76 & 78 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

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SIZE OF ILLUSTRATIONS.



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Hand-beaten Bronze Bowl for Flowers, Fruit or Nuts
8-inch diam., 10/6 9-inch diam., 15/- Carriage paid. Wire net for flowers 1/6 extra
Photos of other designs on application. Dryad Works, O dept., Leicester.

All Good Hostesses Offer

BULMER'S CHAMPAGNE CIDER



Always welcome to those who know its deliciousness.
A pleasant surprise to those who taste it for the first time.

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A NECESSARY LUXURY: MORE CARS WANTED: THE ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB'S POLICY.

The Necessary Motor.

Popular novelists may not have invariably been wise in all their war deliverances, but the sensible and timely counsel of Mr. Arnold Bennett on the subject of motor-cars and "luxury" will be echoed by every motorist. Efficiency is the watchword of the day, and there is nothing which adds so conspicuously to the sum of human convenience and expeditious work as the modern car. Hence Mr. Bennett hits the right nail on the head when he says, "It is well not to be misled into false conclusions by the sight of multitudes of motor-cars in London and in other great administrative and business centres. Heads of departments and of great businesses ought to have, and must have, rapid vehicles at their disposition (and the motor-car is incomparably the most economical rapid vehicle), for their time and their freedom from small pre-occupations are vastly more valuable to the community than any saving that could be effected by dispensing with rapid vehicles." Is the War Minister, he asks, to walk to his appointments? There are literally thousands of cases, moreover, like his. We hear, too, much talk about "pleasure cars." But, as Mr. Bennett points out, "every other car than a commercial car is not necessarily a pleasure-car. We never used to hear about pleasure dog-carts. Large numbers of people have so organised their existence, geographically or otherwise, that not to possess a car would involve a loss in efficient output far exceeding the gain of putting down the car." And one might even add that every owner of a car who gives it up in deference to clamour is thereby doing a disservice to the State, for he is impairing his own efficiency by depriving himself of the means of doing work, productive or benevolent, in the most useful and expeditious way. It would be just as reasonable, when all is said and done, to advise non-motorists to avoid the railways and waste their time in walking to and fro. What we want, in the present crisis, is more motor-cars, not less; sloth is the last thing that should be tolerated while we are at war.

A Pressing Need.

In the sphere of benevolence alone there are nothing like as many cars as are badly wanted in connection with hospital work. The two chief organisations which specially address themselves to the task of providing cars for wounded soldiers are both issuing earnest appeals for further help. One is the Motor Volunteer Mobilisation Corps, which has conveyed 70,000 men during the past year, and the other is the Motor Squadron of the London Volunteer Rifles, which arranges week-end outings from St. Bartholomew's and other hospitals. Many members of these bodies, however, have had to withdraw their practical help from various causes, for everything is

against the benevolent motorist at the moment. Petrol has gone up enormously, and income tax, of course; while lighting restrictions make night-driving dangerous, and particularly operate in cases where cars are wanted to drive soldiers to a suburban club or other place where tea has been provided, as the return journey has of necessity to be made in darkness. It is, indeed, a melancholy reflection that men who have been wounded in the service of their country should be deprived, from one cause or another, of healthful outings or cheering entertainments for lack of cars, and it is to be hoped that every owner of a car who can possibly render help will do his utmost to further the objects of the associations above named.

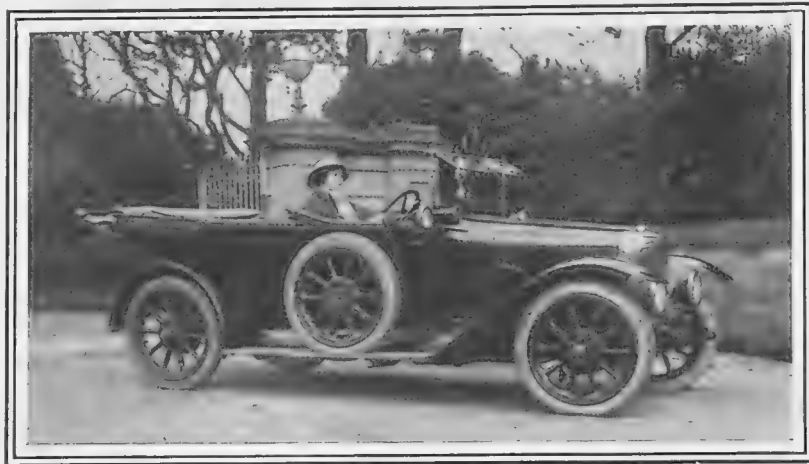
Work for Disabled Drivers.

The contention that has been raised from time to time that young men have been kept from the Army in order to drive motor-cars at home has naturally lost by now whatever force it ever had, for Lord Derby has seen to it that every man of military age should be sought out and interrogated. In any case, however, so many drivers had already joined the forces that there is a great shortage of chauffeurs. A few weeks ago, however, the Automobile Association developed a scheme for finding suitable drivers, either already qualified or capable of being taught, from the ranks of soldiers who have been invalided out of the Army. In due course, therefore, we shall see a large number of ex-soldiers at the wheel of private cars, for though the Association started the idea for the benefit of the men themselves, there are now so many cars without drivers that there is already a bigger demand for men than, up to the present, it has been found possible to meet.

The Democratic R.A.C. Success appears likely to follow on the new departure of the Royal Automobile Club in abandoning its expensive entrance-fees and subscriptions. As a

matter of fact, over eleven hundred new members have already been elected, and there are a large number of candidates whose applications have still to be considered. It is almost needless to say that to waive entirely a twenty-five guinea entrance-fee and reduce the ten guineas annual subscription to five was a drastic and democratic step, but its very boldness is its justification. The club premises, of course, are the finest in London, and the advantages of membership too numerous to mention, with

many attractions that are quite unique—notably the swimming and Turkish baths, racquet-courts, bowling-alley, rifle-range, etc., to say nothing of a restaurant to which ladies are admitted, with a club orchestra thrown in. Altogether the R.A.C. is a wonderful place.



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Interesting booklet telling "why," sent post free on application to J. & J. Colman, Ltd., London, and Carrow Works, Norwich.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The Battling of the "Invisible."

It is exceedingly difficult to visualise the Great War. There has been nothing like it. Never before has there been so remarkable a combination of brute force and science. Never has there been so curious a medley of the weapons of the old days of personal combat and the guns and rifles of these years of long-range, impersonal fighting in which men may battle for months and never see an enemy save as a prisoner. The modern field of honour is remarkable as often as not for its barrenness, its no-man's-land between trenches. Mr. Palmer describes a battle as he saw it from a car: "Shooting out of a grove, a valley made a channel for sound that brought to our ears the thunder of guns, with firing so rapid that it was like the roll of some cyclopean snare-drum beaten with sticks the size of ship-masts. From the crest of the next hill we had a glimpse of an open sweep of park-like country towards wooded hills. As far as we could see against the background of the foliage which threw it into relief was a continuous cloud of smoke from bursting shells, renewed with fresh soft blue puffs as it was dissipated. This, then, was a battle. No soldiers, no guns, in sight; only against masses of autumn-green a diaphanous, man-made nimbus which was raining steel hail. Ten miles of this, one would say; and under it lines of men in blue coats and red trousers and green uniforms hugging the earth, as unseen as a battalion of ants at work in the tall grass. Even if a charge swept across a field one would have been able to detect nothing except moving pin-points on a carpet."

Bringing the Trenches Home.

In the trenches, much the same. "In want of an army pass to the front, in order to write your own description, then, put up a wall of sand-bags in a vacant lot and another one hundred and fifty yards away, and fire a rifle occasionally from your wall at the head of a man on the opposite side, who will shoot at yours—and there you are. . . . To carry realism to the limit of the Grand Guignol school . . . arrange some bags of bullets with dynamite charges on a wire, which will do for shrapnel; plant some dynamite in the parapet, which will do for high-explosive shells that burst on contact; sink heavier charges of dynamite under your feet, which will do for mines, and set them off, while you engage someone to toss grenades and bombs at you."

"My Year of the War." By Frederick Palmer. (John Murray; 6s. net.)

"Perfectly Normal" Germany!

But let us leave the war of the fields for a moment and turn to war in the city. What, for instance, of Hamburg when Mr. Palmer was there? "At Hamburg, in sight of steamers with cold boilers and the forests of masts of idle ships, one saw what sea-power meant. That city of eager shippers and traders, that doorstep of Germany, was as dead as Ypres, without a building being wrecked by shells. Hamburgers tried to make the best of it; they assumed an air of optimism; they still had faith that richer cargoes than ever might come over the sea, while a ghost, that of bankruptcy, walked the streets, looking at office-windows and the port-holes of ships." And Berlin? "Everybody that one met kept telling him that everything was perfectly normal. No intending purchaser of real estate in a boom town was ever treated to more optimistic propaganda. Perfectly normal—when one found only three customers in a large department store! Perfectly normal—when the big steamship offices presented in their windows bare blue seas which had once been charted with the going and coming of German ships! Perfectly normal—when the spool of the killed and wounded rolled out by yards like that of a Ticker on a busy day on the Stock Exchange!"

The Willing Prince.

So to a personal note: "We have heard enough—quite enough for most of us—about the German Crown Prince. But there is also a Prince with the British Army in France. No Lieutenant looks younger for his years than this one in the Grenadier Guards, and he seems of the same type as the others when you see him marching with his regiment or off for a walk smoking a brier-wood pipe. There are some officers who would rather not accompany him on his walks, for he can go fast and far. He makes regular reports of his observations, and he has opportunities for learning which other subalterns lack, for he may have both the Staff and the Army as personal instructors. Otherwise, his life is that of any other subaltern; for there is an instrument called the British Constitution which regulates many things. A little shy, very desirous to learn, is Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, heir to the throne of Great Britain and Ireland and the Empire of India. He might be called the willing Prince."—We have but touched the fringe of Mr. Palmer's "Year of the War": he deals with the British and French Armies, and the Germans, and with our Grand Fleet—with all phases of the titanic struggle, and always he is excellent. We have read numbers of books about the war—very many. His is distinctly the best within our knowledge.

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OFFICERS' KIT.

A PERSONAL NOTE BY H DENNIS BRADLEY,

IT is regrettable to observe an increasing number of new officers wearing uniforms of indifferent material and tailoring. Their quality is not creditable to the traditions of the British Army, and this lowering of the standard is being adversely commented upon by senior officers of the Services.

There is, unfortunately, NO regulation quality for officers' khaki, and, in consequence, inferior uniforms and equipments are now offered in all parts of London at absurdly low prices by firms who have never previously produced military garments.

This pandering to the craze for cheapness is disastrous in effect, and represents a false economy, for second-grade material and workmanship, apart from the question of style, will never stand the excessive strain of active service.

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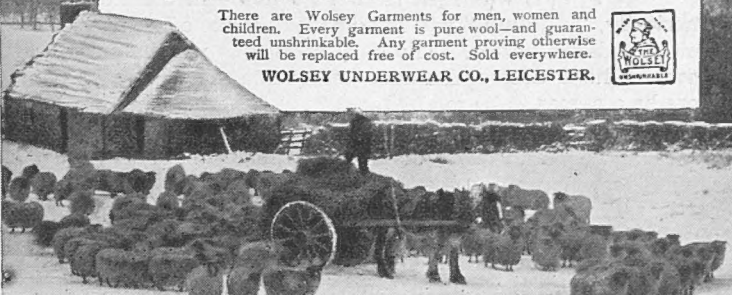
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WOMAN'S WAYS.

THE war bazaar season is now in full swing, and you may see ladies of quality carrying chickens and cabbages across the most modish squares to their own homes, from whence they will presently emerge again, wondrously clad, to insist on their friends buying from them, in return, pots of jam, slippers for soldiers, or the inevitable, classical, velveteen pincushion. Very active and industrious are all these women; and some of the younger ones, saucy in their military uniforms, rush round in motor-cars touting for bazaar "orders" for food. These intrepid ones descend the area steps of their friends' houses, armed with an order-book and pencil, and emerge triumphantly with a list of pheasants and fruit. It is difficult to refuse a beautiful young creature on the area steps with whose parents you have been dining the night before. The modern charity sale is strictly utilitarian; and if the pincushion is still to be seen, it hides modestly in a corner, overshadowed by Paris hats and baskets of market produce. For the pleasing turnip is now sold in the town palaces of Dukes, and masterpieces by Gainsborough and Teniers look down on coroneted ladies chaffering over celery and Brussels sprouts. It is all quite amusing, and it is astonishing the amount of money that is collected for the various war-funds by means of these pretty hucksters.

The Futility of Fiddling.

In the new order of things which will arise when peace is made—which has, indeed, palpably already arisen—there will be small scope for those who practise the arts in a tentative and amateurish manner. The army of girls who seek to make a living in what one may call, generically, "fiddling" will have to look for another way of earning their bread-and-butter. The only musicians we shall want will be those of high accomplishment and undisputed talent. Nor will there be a career to be made, by the unfit, by teaching music. Girls of the middle class will be learning to cook and make clothes instead of playing the piano or the violin. The same will apply to the painters of mediocre pictures and the designers of invertebrate illustrations of books. The clear-sighted among these amateurs of the arts have already taken their decision, and are assiduously training for serious and useful work. The London Society for Women's Suffrage is doing splendid pioneer work in this matter. They have a way of sorting their applicants and planting them out satisfactorily which is amazing. Many are being trained in making the fittings and screws of aero-

planes—delicate work for which women are eminently fitted. An efficient mechanic can earn at this job, which is done sitting down, as much as £2 10s. a week—a nice income for an unmarried woman. I do not think that women will go on struggling for ill-paid and intermittent work when they can qualify themselves for salaries like these. Good luck to the girl-artisan!

The Strange Americans.

Nothing quite so humorous has happened during the war as the sailing of the s.s. *Oscar II.*, conveying the maker of cheap motor-cars on his self-appointed Peace mission. Why the various combatants should throw down their arms "for ever" at the bidding of this former mechanic and his little train of faddists is not made clear to a bewildered Europe. Mr. Ford will get a free advertisement, but a stormy voyage there and back in vain. One could understand a big movement of Socialists all over the world for peace, but there are few signs of such a thing on the Continent, and Merthyr Tydvil was a conclusive statement on the subject in the United Kingdom. There is something in the climate of America which makes people, when they set out to be foolish, even sillier than they are anywhere else.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The delightful work of Edmund Dulac has been devoted to an admirable cause in the handsome volume published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton for the *Daily Telegraph*, the profits of which are to be devoted to the funds of the French Red Cross, an invaluable organisation which is doing noble and widespread work in caring for the wounded, and whose offices are at 9, Knightsbridge, S.W. Mr. Dulac has never been in happier mood than in such dainty drawings as that of a quaint old French beau of 1815 ogling two pretty French girls, or in "My Lisette," an Early Victorian dandy warbling a sentimental ballad. Other drawings, Oriental in type, reassert Edmund Dulac's wonderful gift of brilliant colouring and bold yet dainty line; and there is a lovely nocturne, "The Nightingale," in the rich, deep blue, silver, and moonlit effects which Mr. Dulac loves. "The Chilly Lover," a serenade in the snow, is charming and drily humorous; and the whole of "Dulac's Picture-Book for the French Red Cross" is an artistic joy, and the price, three shillings, is little more than nominal. All profits will go to the Croix Rouge Française. Those who, in addition to buying the book, would like further to help the good cause are asked to send whatever sum they can afford to Edmund Dulac, care of the *Daily Telegraph*, London, E.C.

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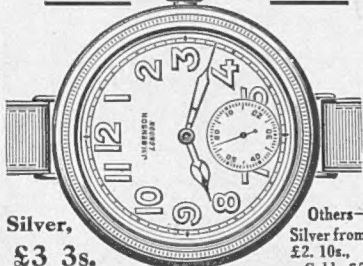


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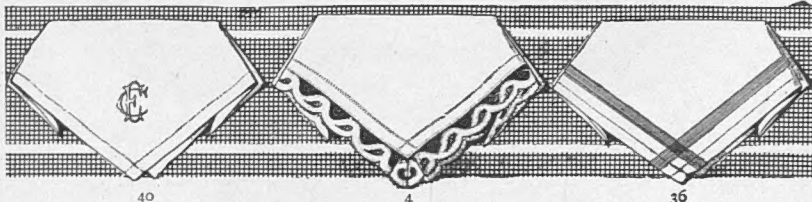
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NO ADVANCE IN PRICE.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

DURING the *première* of "Samples," at the Playhouse, I had my first experience of smoking in the auditorium of the theatre. My own share in the matter was small, for I had not anything to smoke with me. As far as I could judge, there were comparatively few smokers, and although I am in the habit of smoking too much—like everybody else—I did not feel inclined to smoke. Yet "Samples" is just the kind of entertainment during which smoking would be suitable, for if I had gone back home to get a cigar (I wonder if pipes are barred), on my return I should not have found any difficulty in following the idea of the piece: from this it may be guessed the new revue is very much like the others. As a matter of fact, we had "Samples" (numerous) of rag-time music, and jokes of well-established reputation, and "sketches," and some knock-about business by the Terry Twins, who delighted most of the audience. Indeed, except that it is upon a smaller scale, one can see nothing to distinguish the entertainment from the revues at the big music-halls. For that touch of the *théâtre intime* which marks the entertainments at the Ambassadors' is not to be found in Mr. Harry Grattan's new venture. Some day possibly there will be a revue at the Little Theatre of a still more intimate character than "More," and a rather higher intellectual standard, and I believe that it will boom. Mr. Bert Cooke is the central figure of "Samples," quite a droll person with a melancholy air and a fund of dry humour, also remarkable dexterity in dancing. He figured in the best scenes of the piece, which are short comedy turns, and was really quite amusing. Mr. Melville Gideon sang a lot of sentimental music in a way that pleased the house, and toyed a good deal with the piano. Mr. Stanley Turnbull was amusing when he had the chance, but the humours about his being the Devil and suffering from fatness were a trifle too thin. Miss Marie Blanche sang quite agreeably, and was on the stage most of the time, but really had comparatively little to do, which seems a pity. Miss Ida Rene acted cleverly. There was the customary collection of young ladies anxious to make us aware of the fact that there is no "spoof" about their physical charms. Some of the scenery was of quite unusual merit—for instance, a back-cloth, sea and sky and cliff, is admirably painted (the programme does not give the artist's name), and a setting of Honolulu was delightful when the lights were not quite

full on. Altogether, a piece with possibilities which probably by now has undergone many alterations and may well prove as successful as its numerous rivals.

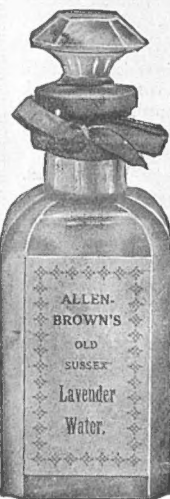
News has been received that Lieutenant N. M. Vibart, R.E., son of Colonel and Mrs. Edward Vibart, of Hazeldene, Blackheath, S.E., has been severely wounded in the North of France. Lieutenant Vibart was educated at Cheltenham College, and, after passing through the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, received a commission in the Royal Engineers in April 1914. He has been at the front since October of that year, and this is his third wound. He was awarded the Military Cross for gallantry at Ypres in November 1914. He is twenty-one years of age.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

FICTION.	MISCELLANEOUS.
The Blows of Circumstance. Beatrice Kelston 6s. (Long.)	Letters of Captain Engelbert Lutyns. Sir Lees Knowles, Bt. 10s. 6d. net. (The Bodley Head.)
The Romance of Princess Arnulf. Anon. 6s. (Long.)	A German Prince and His Victim. Taken from the Memoirs of Mme. Pauline Panam. 12s. 6d. net. (Long.)
The Crime Club. Frank Froest and George Dilnot. 6s. (Nash.)	Anna Jameson. Mrs. Stewart Erskine. 15s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)
A Christmas Carol. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. 6s. (Heinemann.)	Edmund Dulac's Picture-Book for the French Red Cross. 3s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The S.S. "Glory." Frederick Niven. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)	The Social History of Smoking. G. L. Apperson. 6s. (Martin Secker.)
Zeppelin Nights. Violet Hunt and Ford Madox Hueffer. 6s. (The Bodley Head.)	The Last King; or, The New France. Alexandre Dumas. Edited by R. S. Garnett. Two Vols. 24s. net. (Stanley Paul.)
God Joined Them. Lulu Pinkerton. 6s. (Murray and Evenden.)	A Painter of Dreams and Other Biographical Studies. A. M. W. Stirling. 12s. 6d. net. (The Bodley Head.)
A Bunch of Poppies. Hugh Meredith. 6s. (Murray and Evenden.)	The Dream of Gerontius. With an Introduction by Gordon Tidy. Illustrated by Stella Langdale. 3s. 6d. net. (The Bodley Head.)
The Power of Gold. Lulu Pinkerton. 6s. (Murray and Evenden.)	Frank Reynolds, R.I. A. E. Johnson. 3s. 6d. net. (Black.)
The "Genius." Theodore Dreiser. 6s. (The Bodley Head.)	My Year of War. Frederick Palmer. 2s. 6d. net. (Murray.)
A Sub. of the R.N.R. Percy F. Westerman. 6s. (Partridge.)	The Scottish Friend of Frederic the Great: The Last Earl Marischall. Mrs. Edith E. Cuthell, F.R.H.S. 24s. net. (Stanley Paul.)
The Outlaws of St. Martyn's. Gunby Hadath. 6s. (Partridge.)	
Love-Letters of an Actress. Elsie Janis. 2s. 6d. net. (Pearson.)	
Laddie. Gene Stratton-Porter. 2s. 6d. net. (Murray.)	

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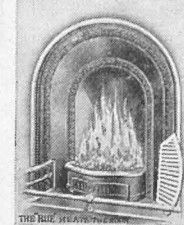
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